

The TATLER

and BYSTANDER

Vol. CLXII. No. 2101

London
October 1, 1941



REGISTERED AS A
NEWSPAPER FOR
TRANSMISSION IN THE
UNITED KINGDOM

NIGHTCAP!

JUST YOU TRY

JOHN
JAMESON

★★★ WHISKEY

Not a drop is sold till it's 7 years old



By Appointment

Cerebos Salt

— final touch to the well appointed table

STATE EXPRESS
555
Cigarettes



M: VITIE & PRICE

Biscuits of Highest Quality

ENJOY MORE TEA

Change to

THE DOCTOR'S
CEYLON TEA

2oz. of The Doctor's Ceylon Tea goes much
further than 2 oz. of ordinary tea.

ENJOY TEA MORE

CVS.282

STOKE POGES GARDENS

FOR REMEMBRANCE
OR FOR THE
INTERMENT OF ASHES

YOUR OWN PRIVATE GARDEN
MAINTAINED FOR EVER

(ADJOINING THE CHURCH OF GRAY'S ELEGY)

Pictorial Booklet:

CHURCH COTTAGE, STOKE POGES, BUCKS.
(Tel.: Farnham Common 325)

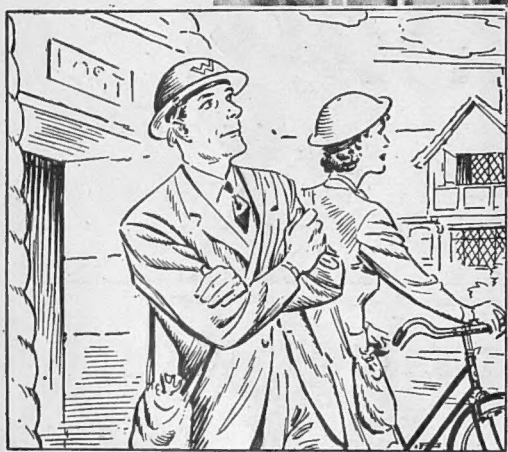
BY ROAD FROM LONDON 20 MILES. STATION, SLOUGH
CAR WILL MEET ANY TRAIN BY APPOINTMENT

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

CAR & GENERAL

INSURANCE LTD.
CORPORATION, L

83 PALL MALL, LONDON, S.W.1



Philosophers and Poets have dreamed of "the return to nature", of the easy and innocent "garden state". This was their protest against the endless wearing complexities of modern existence.

Nerve versus Nerves —yesterday and today

Never, perhaps, in all the varied history of our race, have good health and sound nerves been of such importance to the individual and to the nation, as in these wartime days. And never before have so many forces combined to strain those nerves and thus undermine that health. Anxiety... separation... air raids... long hours—only the strongest nerves can withstand the strain of these. And the strongest nerves are the best nourished nerves. If you are feeling run-down, if you are feeling over-tired, or 'on edge', or depressed, it is a sure sign that your nerves are not getting the nourishment they need. Nerves need organic phosphorus and protein, and in 'Sanatogen' Nerve-Tonic Food these are found in ideal combination. 'Sanatogen' is a food and not a temporary stimulant: it nourishes, and builds, and restores, and the good it does is lasting.

'SANATOGEN'

NERVE-TONIC FOOD

Obtainable from all chemists in tins, price 12/1½, 6/6 and 2/6½ (Including Tax).

The Registered Trade Mark 'SANATOGEN' applied to Nerve-Tonic Food denotes a brand of casein and sodium glycerophosphate chemically combined by Genatosan Limited, the proprietors of the Trade Mark.



A Charming Two-piece — for special occasions

This suit is most becoming and lends itself to any age. Cleverly designed and perfectly tailored in a lovely woollen cloth. The smart jacket is lined throughout to tone. Obtainable in powder blue, green, navy, wine, black, brown or turquoise.

Hip sizes 38, 40 and 42 in. **13 gns.**

SUITS : THIRD FLOOR

Our catalogue of Winter Fashions is ready. May we send you a copy?

Swan & Edgar

Piccadilly Circus, W.1

THE TATLER

and BYSTANDER

LONDON
OCTOBER 1, 1941

Price :
One Shilling and Sixpence
Vol. CLXII. No. 2101

Postage: Inland 2d. Canada & Newfoundland 1d. Foreign 1½d.



Harlip

Married a Year—Lady Mary Berry

It is just a year since Flight-Lieutenant the Hon. Oswald Berry, R.A.F., and Lady Mary Pratt were married at St. George's, Hanover Square, and went off to live not far from Aberdeen. He is the fifth of Lord Kemsley's six sons, and twin brother of the Marchioness of Huntly (the Hon. Pamela Berry before her wedding in March). Lady Mary Berry is the only daughter of the Earl of Brecknock, Marquess Camden's heir, and the Countess of Brecknock. She has one brother, Viscount Baynham, who was eleven in August



Way of the War

By "Foresight"

Man of Vision

ALL who come from Moscow pay high tribute to Stalin. They speak with increasing admiration of his wide vision and superb organising ability. They say that his is the directing power and the driving force behind Russia's great military effort. Stalin is matching his brains against Hitler's. He's been doing that politically for a long time. Now it is a military match we can assume that nobody appreciates more than Stalin what Hitler wants most of all from Russia. Oil.

Hitler needs oil urgently. The mighty German war machine may be in grave danger if there is no Russian oil forthcoming soon. But oil is as precious to Stalin as it is essential to Hitler. Stalin will not let Hitler get his oil without a fight; nor can he have failed to see that the wells are guarded with the same thoroughness as Leningrad. The battle of the wells will, therefore, equal any of the fiercest in the campaign.

Obviously Hitler has made all his plans to battle through the winter in the hope of striking oil. Indeed, it would be the most wishful thinking to imagine that the winter months are going to bring the safety curtain down on the great Russian drama even for a few days or weeks. Hitler has too much at stake to pause now. Stalin does not anticipate any respite. He's planning for the battles he believes Russia will be fighting next spring and summer!

Tanks, Aeroplanes, Politics

THE importance of the conference now taking place in Moscow lies in the ability of its members to produce a co-ordinated flow of war supplies for the future. Lord Beaverbrook, as head of the British Mission, is believed to have put forward a comprehensive plan of help which would surprise many critics of the Government. Would it please them? That

is a difficult question to answer. Those whom the Prime Minister has been doing his utmost to help have been most unfair to him. A propaganda campaign ridiculing the help the Government have given to Russia has been started, and in politics nobody can tell where such things might end.

M. Maisky, the Soviet Ambassador, is an old friend of Mr. Churchill's. One would imagine that he would use his personal influence, and the highly developed propagandist efficiency of his embassy, to give the lie to the campaign which is being waged against the Government. By allowing the impression to persist that Britain has sent little or no help to Russia, M. Maisky is playing into the hands of those forces in the House of Commons who are always lying in wait to belabour the Government. In these circumstances, M. Maisky would be helping his own country as well as Mr. Churchill's Government. For the Prime Minister cannot, for obvious reasons, tell the full tale of our aid.

Huge supplies of all kinds of British raw materials are already in Russia; and tanks and aeroplanes are on their way in numbers which I am assured satisfy the most anxious of Mr. Churchill's ministers. Spurred on by the Prime Minister's determination, and Lord Beaverbrook's dynamic energy, there can be no doubt that Britain's war industry is working at top pressure to help Russia.

Soldiers, Too

HAVING dispatched a wing of the Royal Air Force to Russia, it is quite natural that there should be speculation on what further man-power aid Britain can give her ally. There is no indication so far that we shall send an expeditionary force to Russia, but clearly it is in the mood of the Government at this moment not to neglect any useful opportunity which may develop.

With the resumption of Parliament there

have been the inevitable demands of the Government for an invasion of the Continent. Our political strategists believe that an expedition of this kind would draw off some of the pressure on Russia. But the Prime Minister refuses to be drawn on this point. He is not going to let Hitler know whether to expect a sudden attack from the British in Russia or France or Holland. He's going to keep him guessing and nobody can play that game better (in Parliament) than Mr. Churchill.

Change of Heart

THOSE whose duty it is to keep constant watch on the pulse of opinion throughout the world have lately seen a swing in our favour. When the war started, friends, near friends, and foes felt sure Germany must win. After the fall of France and the evacuation of the British from Dunkirk they were convinced that Hitler would win. Hitler's failure to invade the British Isles and his defeat in the Battle of Britain shook the near friends and foes and gladdened our friends.

Even in Spain, a change of heart is noticed. Those in Franco's entourage, and more especially Señor Suñer's cronies, who imagined that Hitler would end the war quickly and victoriously, have had a shock. Franco and his friends still cling tenaciously to their former beliefs; but Señor Suñer's quick mind is believed to be contemplating the situation which might arise from a Hitler defeat. This, indeed, is a change.

A recent traveller through Spain has been M. Le Breton, the Argentine Ambassador in London. He saw Franco and Señor Suñer and told them in no uncertain terms that Britain could not be beaten. This straight-from-the-shoulder talk may have smashed a lot of the cobwebs of Nazi propaganda. It certainly gave every justification to the confidence with which Sir Samuel Hoare has fulfilled his difficult mission in Madrid.

Sir Samuel's Success

THE ice was very thin when Sir Samuel Hoare went to Madrid. The German and Italian Ambassadors dominated the diplomacy of Spain. Britain's stock was very low. But Sir Samuel was always a good skater. He carefully tested the ice, brushed up his slight knowledge of Spanish, and then began to cut a figure. Now he stands ace-high. He has outdone the Germans and the Italians intellectually, socially and, maybe, diplomatically.



Air Chiefs in Rhodesia

Colonel the Hon. E. Lucas Guest, Rhodesian Minister for Air, visited an air training station, and was photographed with Air Commodore C. W. Meredith, C.B.E., A.F.C., who is head of the Rhodesian Air Training Group



Army Chiefs in Persia

General Sir Archibald Wavell (right) visited British H.Q. in Persia early last month, and was photographed with Lieut.-Gen. E. P. Quinan, C.B., D.S.O., O.B.E., G.O.C. Imperial Forces in Persia, just before he left by aeroplane

He entertains frequently and lavishly at the British Embassy. He is taking keen interest in the efforts to revive Spain, and all the time he is doing a good job for Britain, for, whatever you may think of Sir Samuel Hoare, he is a representative Briton.

He is back in London at the moment for short leave and consultation with the Cabinet. Unlike Lord Halifax, Sir Samuel is not a member of the War Cabinet. When Mr. Churchill formed his Government he did not invite Sir Samuel to retain his place. Instead, after a few weeks, he surprised most people by offering the Madrid Embassy. People were just as surprised when Sir Samuel accepted. Lately the gossips have been nominating Sir Samuel for the Viceroyship of India. In other circumstances there could be no better choice, for it was Sir Samuel who piloted the India Reform Act through the House of Commons — against the determined opposition of Mr. Winston Churchill! But for the time being it is obvious that Sir Samuel cannot be spared from Madrid.

Pope and President Roosevelt

NOR the least interesting diplomatic developments have been taking place in Italy. Devoutly Catholic-minded Mr. Myron C. Taylor, the United States Minister to the Vatican, has been received in audience by the Pope twice. On the first occasion he took with him a letter from the President. On the second occasion he received the Pope's reply. Now Mr. Taylor is on his way to Washington to see President Roosevelt. Obviously there is more in this than meets the eye.

Things are not going well in Italy. The strangest of all signs is that loyal Fascist papers are proclaiming the failure of Fascism. The only explanation of this inspired campaign must be the unrest and unhappiness of the Italian people. Sensing that his people are searching for the means of revolt, Mussolini may be preparing the way for a big purge. Probably Hitler has told him that he must get rid of his incompetents or make way for a German gauleiter. In the midst of this President Roosevelt has played his hand. He is credibly reported to have suggested that the Pope should use his influence to pull Italy out of the Axis and out of the war.

While Mr. Taylor was fulfilling the President's instructions there arrived in New York a number of Italians, described as a mission, whose purpose is said to be the formation of an alternative Italian Government should the opportunity occur. The British authorities were reported from New York to have been aware of the purpose of the mission, and to have passed them through the blockade. The incident has been allowed to pass without official comment in London, and only the mildest of denials when confirmation of the facts was sought.

Gestapo's Grim Grip

GERMANY's hold on every aspect of Italian life is tighter than ever. Before Italy's entry in the war there were Gestapo agents everywhere. Every department of the Italian

Government had a German representative on the staff. In these circumstances it is difficult to see what the Pope can do. Hitler is not likely to let his grip be loosened at this stage of the war. If there were the least sign of the Italian people overthrowing Mussolini, Hitler would quickly occupy the country with troops and seize the Italian Fleet.

But President Roosevelt could not have selected a fitter representative than Mr. Taylor for such a mission. Mr. Taylor is mild-mannered, bland. You would not imagine him to be the high-powered American industrialist that he once was. Italy has been his spiritual home for many years, and when his duties do not require his presence in the Vatican City he lives in Florence.

Hitler and Turkey

VON PAPEN, weather-cock of German diplomacy, has returned to his post in Turkey. This is regarded by some as an indication that Hitler has decided against an immediate attack on Turkey. Von Papen is said to have advised the Fuehrer that he can keep Turkey out of the war providing Hitler does nothing rash. The wily Ambassador weighted his argument with the suggestion that if Hitler attacked Turkey she would open the Dardanelles to the British Fleet, and all chance of winning control of the Black Sea would be lost. The German General Staff are believed to have been in favour of dealing with Turkey at once instead of waiting. But Hitler, so it appears for the moment, seems to have had more faith in his ambassador, which is good for Von Papen.

Free French Government

BACK from his six months sojourn in Africa and the Middle East, General de Gaulle has had a long and frank conversation with Mr. Churchill. The result has been the creation of a Free French National Committee, consisting of nine members, who will direct the political policy of the Free French Movement. This is a wise development, which in no way affects the position of General de Gaulle. He remains head of the Free French in the world, and in supreme command of their fighting forces. But he will have the

benefit of their advice and guidance.

General de Gaulle would be the first to admit that he is no politician. He is a patriot and a soldier before anything else. As the Free French Movement grows in all parts of the world, and its influence increases both in occupied and unoccupied France, there has been need for a more efficient organisation which could work with the other Allied governments in London. The strength of the Free French armed forces now numbers approximately 50,000, and is increasing every day.

American Momentum

BY degrees President Roosevelt brings the United States into line. His decision to arm all merchantmen is another step preparatory to the "shooting war," for it is accompanied by the campaign to end the farce of the Neutrality Act. After all President Roosevelt has said and done, with the support of his responsible Service ministers, there is no room for the Neutrality Act.

In his latest measures the President proves himself an adept politician. His difficulties are not fully appreciated in this country. He must carry the country with him at each stage, for unanimity is essential if Congress is to be compelled to take the final hurdle. But that time is not yet.

Undoubtedly President Roosevelt is working to a plan. The publication of the Atlantic Charter was his own idea—in which Mr. Churchill readily joined—to provide the American people with a platform for discussion and decision. Two other developments cannot have been without some favourable affect on the President's plans. The first was the outspoken speeches of Mr. Mackenzie King, Canada's Prime Minister; and secondly the equally outspoken but politically self-damaging speech of Mr. Lindbergh. His attack on the Jews will strengthen President Roosevelt's hand and weaken Mr. Lindbergh's case. Part of the Lindbergh case has been that Roosevelt was trying to be a dictator. Mr. Lindbergh recently has come out as a Fascist. In a choice between President Roosevelt's "dictatorship" and Mr. Lindbergh's Fascism there is little doubt what the verdict of the American people will be.



Royal Arrivals at Euston: the King and Queen Greet King George of the Hellenes and the Crown Prince

The Queen gave a warm and smiling welcome to the Crown Prince of Greece, who has come to England from South Africa with his brother, the King of Greece, other members of the Greek Royal Family, and several Greek Ministers



King George of the Hellenes looked happy to be back in England when he arrived last week, to be met by our King George. Six years ago he left London to ascend his country's throne for the second time

Myself at the Pictures

By James Agate

A Runyon Film

DAMON RUNYON is one of the great masters of the comic story in virtue of the fact that he has created an entirely new world. One of the many working definitions of genius might be that the possessor of it creates that which, but for him, would never have come into existence. The thing is quantitative rather than qualitative. Let me explain. I am not a fanatical admirer of the plays of Barrie; indeed most of them make me feel a little sick. But I have always realised that *but for him* Crichton the butler, Lob, Cinderella and her policeman, and the ever-adorable Smee would never have been born.

Now consider Galsworthy, for the best of whose dramas I have immense admiration. Yet I feel that if he had never existed, the march of time would have persuaded, say, Mr. Granville Barker or some other playwright to turn out not perhaps those identical dramatic tracts, but some not recognisably different. Even in the instance of the "Forsyte Saga" I feel that in Galsworthy's absence somebody, possibly a male Mrs. Humphry Ward, would have been found to present that engrossing history of a dying age (at least, I suppose there are readers whom it engrosses?). The idea behind the Galsworthy plays would have occurred to somebody else: whereas the idea behind Barrie's fantasies would never have happened. Or may I put it that whereas Galsworthy had an immense talent and no genius, Barrie had only an ordinary talent but

more than a touch of that extraordinary quality we recognise as genius.

I YIELD to nobody in my admiration of that masterpiece of humour, *The Diary of a Nobody*. But there were other people writing diaries of nobodies at the same time as the Grossmiths. Notably Barry Pain, whose "Eliza" books can be mentioned in the same breath with the "Pooter Saga." And if neither author had ever existed, was there not always Pett Ridge? Am I saying Runyon possesses genius denied to these others? Yes, I suppose I am. It would be nothing against the world which he has created to argue that it does not exist. It may or it may not. The point is that here is a wholly credible and entirely logical world, obeying its own laws and peopled by sub-normals perfectly alive and completely integrated. Probability is no more the test of Mr. Runyon in his travels through the underworld of New York than it was the test for Swift in his voyage to Lilliput.

BUT that is enough about Mr. Runyon's genius. The immediate concern is how far the essence of it is captured in *Tight Shoes* (London Pavilion). I think not at all. Which is by no means the same thing as declaring this film to be unamusing. On the contrary it is highly amusing, though not in the way of the original story which is departed from the moment the curtains draw aside. *Tight Shoes*

in the original is all about one Rupert Salsinger, a bespectacled assistant in a shoe store, who is in love with Miss Minnie Schultz for several years, and expects to one day ask her to marry him, but will never think of making such a request until he becomes a provider. How this Rupert Salsinger is kicked in the pants by Hymie Minsk, the horse player, from Bilby's Store to Fifty-third Street three blocks away through supplying him with a pair of shoes which are too tight.

How it is because of this that Rupert is letting out a sigh in the Bridle Grill to Calvin Colby, known by one and all as a great pain in the neck to their loving parents. Every Runyon fan knows the rest of the story. How Bilby's Store is wrecked as the first step in a People's Charter which springs complete from the brain of Calvin Colby, except that Calvin Colby is not the sort of guy who runs to brains. How Calvin has enough of Economic Welfare and thinks Rupert should have enough also. "If I am you," he says, "I will dispense with this social justice for a while and look after my interests with Miss Minnie Schultz. It is seldom in my career," Calvin says, "that I see such a shape as Miss Minnie Schultz possesses." How Rupert finally makes up his mind to propose to Miss Minnie Schultz. How Miss Minnie Schultz says: "Rupert, if you are here fifteen minutes ago, I will undoubtedly accept you." How he isn't here fifteen minutes ago, and how Miss Schultz marries Calvin Colby.

OF all this the film contains no word. Instead we have a totally different story in which Rupert, ceasing to be a noodle, blossoms out into any film hero. And the point of interest is no longer the sly presentation of absurd grotesques but a gangsterish anecdote centering in the race-track, a concealed gambling den and the amours of a racketeer with a strip-tease artist who is not mentioned in the original story. Very diverting in its way, if about as much like the original as *Robinson Crusoe* is like *Gulliver's Travels*. Quite well acted.

Man Hunt (Odeon) would be an excellent film if it were not for Hollywood's unshakable conviction that no film, whatever its nature, can succeed without a strong love interest. Those who remember the book, *Rogue Male*, from which the film is taken, will realise that there is just no room in that thrilling story of escape and pursuit for any nonsense about the tender passion. The hero is up against not only the might of the Gestapo but the English police. For five minutes we are excited by the mere mechanics of the chase, only to be dulled by ten minutes of some of the most mechanical love-making even the cinema has ever inflicted on us. The brother of a British Cabinet Minister and a little East End drab of the streets—surely even Hollywood might have known that this was fairly unpromising. Particularly when it must clutter up hair-raising adventure.

But Hollywood has its views and sticks to them, with the result that what might have been intensely exciting becomes just dull, in spite of some excellent acting by Walter Pidgeon and George Sanders. I am not a film cutter. But give me a pair of scissors, and I will guarantee to restore to the film some of the qualities of the book. But not even the shears of Atropos could do anything with the little boy who replaces the mate on the ship in which the fugitive escapes from Germany. The wretched child is just there and there is nothing to be done about it. Some of the finest pages of the novel concern the unspoken understanding as between sportsmen of two grown men. In the film one expects the runaway to pat the tousled head, gaze into the childish eyes, and ask: "Paul. What are the Wild Waves Saying?"



A Damon Runyon Story Filmed

Broderick Crawford is Speedy and John Howard is Jimmy in the screen version of Damon Runyon's "Tight Shoes" which is now at the London Pavilion. Sybil and Ruth, the women in the story, are played by Binnie Barnes and Anne Gwynne. Albert I. Rogell directed. "Tight Shoes" is discussed by Mr. Agate above

New Films

Two Triangles and Their Babies



"The Great Lie"

Sandra Kovak (Mary Astor) and Maggie Patterson (Bette Davis) share a baby—Sandra's—in the new Warner picture, "The Great Lie," which comes to the Regal on October 3. Father of the baby is Pete Van Allen (George Brent) who marries Sandra, a famous pianist, after a wild party, but finding that the marriage is illegal owing to her incomplete divorce, returns to his former love, Maggie, proposes and is accepted. When Pete is reported killed in an air smash Maggie visits Sandra, who announces future arrival of Pete's child



Maggie persuades Sandra to give up the baby when it is born, and when Pete, having survived after all, reappears, he is delighted with his son, and assumes Maggie to be the mother. She hasn't the courage to tell him the truth until Sandra comes to claim her baby and Maggie confesses. Finding that she has lost Pete's love, Sandra leaves her child with its father and Maggie, and returns to her career. Edmund Goulding produced the film



"Unfinished Business"

Another new film with a rather similar story to that of "The Great Lie" is "Unfinished Business," at the Leicester Square Cinema this week. Nancy Adams (Irene Dunne) is the girl who has two men in her life, Tom Duncan (Robert Montgomery) and his brother, Steve Duncan (Preston Foster). Nancy, a smart music teacher, with hopes of an operatic career, falls in love with Steve, but marries Tom, who deals tactfully but firmly with the "unfinished business" of her love for his brother. The picture, which has a happy ending, was produced and directed by Gregory la Cava



A very attractive baby brings husband and wife together at last in "Unfinished Business," and Nancy and Tom decide to make a new start. Robert Montgomery is now in London as Assistant Naval Attache at the United States Embassy

The Theatre

By Herbert Farjeon

Forty-eight Hours' Leave (Apollo)

THE chief difficulty confronting Mr. James Parish, the author of this comedy, would seem to have been to make the principal character nice enough for a leading lady like Miss Irene Vanbrugh to play; for Miss Vanbrugh is one of those actresses who, like Miss Marie Tempest, consistently demands sympathy. To make out a good case for Lady Hermione Radshaw is, however, despite her title, by no means easy.

Lady Radshaw has two sons, the younger a rogue, the elder a fool. The fool has married a charming girl, but the fool has been unfaithful to the charming girl, and the charming girl has brought an action for divorce and has been granted a decree nisi, much to the distress of the fool who, though he no longer loves her, wants to stand for Parliament and feels that the divorce will impair his chances of getting on. Lady Radshaw decides to help her son. She invites the charming girl to stay with her while the fool is away; but she also arranges with the fool that he shall secretly return and, when the charming girl is in bed and asleep, shall slip into another bed in the same room. This will kybosh the divorce. But it will also, if the author is not very careful, make us ask whether this can indeed be the Irene Vanbrugh we have so regularly and

for so long loved. What is to be done about it?

ALL sorts of things are done about it all through the play, but none of them is very convincing. Lady Radshaw protests that loyalty to her son must come before all other loyalties. She protests that when her son has got into Parliament, there can be a divorce then (but won't that kybosh his chances of re-election?). She protests that she wouldn't do such a thing again—it's only just this once. She protests that, in spite of loyalties, in spite of post-Parliamentary divorces, in spite of refusal to contemplate a similar plot if her son marries and plays false again, in spite of all these sops to conscience and the auditorium, she isn't very happy about it. But we remain unconvinced. A dirty trick is a dirty trick. Miss Vanbrugh must take the blame.



Lieut. Philip Comber, R.N.V.R. (Martin Walker), Mr. Fipps (Sebastian Smith), Lady Isobel Deering (Lydia Sherwood)

LADY RADSHAW'S defence is not the only unconvincing thing in this comedy. For the purposes of the story it is necessary that Lieut. Comber, who is also staying in the house, and who is going to marry the charming girl, and who is paying her a strictly proper visit in her bedroom, shall throw the trousers of his pyjamas out of the bedroom window. Although he has his dressing-gown on, this is slightly embarrassing. The charming girl naturally asks him why he did that. He answers, quite sincerely—what do you think, he quite sincerely answers? That he threw them out of the window because he is going for a bathe. We gasp with astonishment. And even while we are still gasping, a man comes through the window with the pyjamas in his hand, and who do you think he is? A myrmidon of the King's Proctor? No, for that would ruin the story. Who then? A man who is paid by Lady Radshaw to prowl around the garden every night killing slugs. All of which, with many more improbabilities too numerous to mention, take a bit of swallowing.

WAS this play written before the war and then brought up to date with a few uniforms? It feels like that, partly because the atmosphere is that of the theatre some years back, partly because the uniforms and the forty-eight hours' leave have nothing to do with the story, and partly because they seem to make the telling of the story more difficult. With a war on, the fool who wants to stand for Parliament probably won't be standing for Parliament for years and years. Without a war, it would have been easy to make a general election imminent.

There are witty lines here and there and the story certainly develops, but the development is forced rather than natural—a complaint that might also be applied to Miss Lydia Sherwood's performance as the charming girl. Miss Vanbrugh was rather uncertain at the first performance as Lady Radshaw. Mr. Lionel Westlake wore a remarkable moustache as the fool of a son. But Mr. Van Gyseghem kept things bright as his rogue of a brother, and Mr. Martin Walker as the naval officer in pyjamas ambled around with invaluable ease and art.

Sketches by
Anna Zinkeisen



André Van Gyseghem as Martin Radshaw, a rogue of a son



Irene Vanbrugh as Lady Hermione Radshaw, an interfering mother

"Meet John Doe"

Gary Cooper Makes Another "Little Man" Film
Under Frank Capra's Direction



1. A down-and-out baseball player (Gary Cooper) is picked by a column-writer (Barbara Stanwyck) to impersonate "John Doe," over whose name she writes "I protest" articles in her paper. The baseball player's hobo pal is Walter Brennan (left)



3. "John Doe" clubs spring up everywhere, many secretly backed by the unscrupulous and ambitious owner of the paper that published the Doe articles (Edward Arnold, centre back)

4. Climax of the story is a "John Doe" convention which the Fascist newspaper-owner plans to use as a political weapon. John Doe himself hears of this, tries to tell the people the truth, but is out-manœuvred and his reputation is ruined with his followers by the gangster methods of the newspaper boss



2. John Doe goes on the air (his speech was written by the pretty columnist), pleads so eloquently for good neighbourliness that he becomes a national figure, goes round the country on a lecture tour



5. "John Doe's" first letter had said he'd commit suicide on Christmas Eve from the top of the City Hall as a protest against injustice. That's where the columnist finds her disillusioned and despairing John Doe on Christmas Eve. She tells him a cause worth dying for is worth fighting for—and anyway she loves him. John Doe agrees to start the battle again with her as comrade

Social Round-about

The "Tatler and Bystander" in Town and Country

By Bridget Chetwynd

Concert

THE Albert Hall was packed for the welfare concert in aid of the funds of Eastern Command and London District Welfare Branch, for which Lord Nathan of Churt works so energetically. Its purpose is to relieve the boredom inevitable for troops training, and waiting, usually far from their homes, and it supplements E.N.S.A. with both popular and classical concerts, variety and dramatic shows, supplies wireless sets, canteens, and helps the troops with their personal worries, about homes and families in air raids, and so on. It is also concerned with the welfare of the women's services, and most of the money for all this has to be raised privately.

The Princess Royal was at the concert, and other distinguished people there included Lady Crewe, chairman of the concert committee; Lady Ravensdale, deputy chairman; Lord Croft, who was sitting with the Princess, and General Buchanan.

Programme

THE artists, all of whom gave their services without fee, were John McCormack, who sang magnificently, Eva Turner, Harriet Cohen, Eileen Joyce, Cyril Smith, and Denis Matthews. The Royal Air Force orchestra made its first public appearance—Wing Commander R. P. O'Donnell is its organising director of music—and there were

the massed bands of the Brigade of Guards, under the direction of Lieut.-Col. George Miller. Ivor Newton was accompanist, and Eric Gretton at the organ.

Among John McCormack's songs were "Where'er You Walk," by Handel; "Panis Angelicus," by Cesar Franck; the old Irish song, "The Gentle Maiden"; and Rachmaninoff's "To the Children." A Bach Concerto for four pianos was played by Cyril Smith, Harriet Cohen, Eileen Joyce and Denis Matthews; and to finish up, "Jerusalem," sung by Eva Turner, with the massed Guards bands, was most effective.

Entertaining Air Force

MRS. PAUL WILLERT (who was Brenda Pearson) gave a wonderful dinner party for Air Force people stationed in Regent's Park. She has a darling little house in Chelsea, into which she fitted incredibly many people, and gave them glorious lobsters, with mayonnaise made by herself, cold chicken, fruit and cake, and there were big stone kegs of beer.

Young women being amused by the chaps included Miss Duff, Mrs. Pamela Tiarks, Miss Jean Nicoll, and Miss Eve Fayne.

A morning party for Australian pilots newly arrived here was given by Sir Jocelyn and Lady Lucas at their flat, from which the valuable pictures, by Gainsborough, Hoppner, Watteau, Reynolds, which had



Lady Anne Southby and Her Son

Richard Henry Alexander Southby, son of Lieut. P. H. J. Southby, R.N., and Lady Anne Southby, was christened at Burford Priory, Oxon., home of his father's parents. Lieut. Southby is the younger son of Sir Archibald Southby, Bt., M.P., and Lady Southby. His wife is the eldest daughter of the Marquess of Linlithgow, Viceroy of India, and the Marchioness of Linlithgow. The Southbys were married in India in 1939. Captain Lord Louis Mountbatten, R.N., and Captain the Earl of Hopetoun, Lady Anne Southby's brother, who is a prisoner of war, are two of the baby's five godparents

successfully survived the blitz, have at last been removed. Lady George Cholmondeley and Mrs. Macintyre, herself an Australian, came in.



Miss Olivia Baring is Engaged Harlip

Miss Olivia Baring and Captain Cecil Feilden, Coldstream Guards, have announced that their marriage will shortly take place. She is the only daughter of the late Lieut.-Col. the Hon. Guy Baring, and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Baring, of Empshott Grange, Liss, Hants., and a cousin of Lord Ashburton. He is the younger son of Major and the Hon. Mrs. Guy Feilden, of Cokethorpe, Witney, and a cousin of Viscount Hampden



A Son for Lady Lampson

Yevonde.

Sir Miles and Lady Lampson's son was born in Cairo last month. Lady Lampson was Miss Jacqueline Castellani before she married the then High Commissioner for Egypt and the Sudan in 1934; she is the daughter of Sir Aldo Castellani. Sir Miles Lampson was appointed British Ambassador to Egypt in 1936. He has a son and two daughters by his first wife, who died in 1930

Stage Party

ANOTHER morning party was given by Sir Herbert Morgan for the cast of *Rise Above It*, in connection with the special matinee for the R.A.F. Benevolent Fund last Wednesday.

Hermione Baddeley was looking splendid, although she said she had a cold, and had been up late beyond reason. Hermione Gingold had a nice mink coat, and Virginia Winter a fascinating Siamese kitten on a lead. Walter Crisham, who does so many good things in the show, had been out late too, but seemed in good form. Henry Kendall was there; Wilfred Hyde White, whose rise from ranks to Whitehall is such a funny running commentary through the performance, and all the rest turned up.

Also Lady Annaly, with her son Luke—it was the last day of his holidays, so she was having a day off out of uniform—and Lady Portal.

Polish-Czechoslovak Meeting

POLISH and Czechoslovakian women were responsible for a reception at the Czechoslovak Club in Grosvenor Gardens, with the idea of uniting the two countries socially, as well as



Lt. Coleridge and Lady Georgina Hay

Lt. Arthur Nicholas Coleridge, Irish Guards, and Lady Marguerite Georgina Hay were married at Yester Parish Church, East Lothian. He is the younger son of the late Mr. John Duke Coleridge, and the Hon. Mrs. Coleridge, of Darby Green House, Blackwater, Hants., and a nephew of Lord Kilbracken. She is the second daughter of the Marquess and Marchioness of Tweeddale, of Yester, Gifford, East Lothian. The bridesmaids were Miss Catherine Ralli, and Mary Anne and Jane Berry, the bride's nieces



Lord Pentland and Miss Babington Smith

Lord Pentland and Miss Lucy Elisabeth Babington Smith, third daughter of the late Sir Henry Babington Smith, and Lady Elisabeth Babington Smith, and niece of the Earl of Elgin, were married at Eton College Chapel. He is the second baron, succeeded in 1925, and is a nephew of the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair. Her youngest brother, who is Third Secretary at the British Embassy, Madrid, married Lord Hollenden's elder daughter in May

politically. From now on, the women of both countries will work together to make their union a practical thing.

The chief spokeswoman for the Czechoslovak women was Mme. Yournetskova, and for the Polish ones Mme. Sophie Zaleska, a member of the Polish National Council in London, and well known in Poland as a writer and social worker.

There were many prominent people at this reception, including Countess Raczyńska, wife of the Acting Polish Foreign Minister, Dr. Ripka, Czechoslovak Minister of Information, members of the Governments of both countries and their respective Legations. Many of the women were in national costume, and there was a musical entertainment.

At Night and Lunchtime

RISK merrymaking continues, and some of the faces round the night-club walls are almost as permanent as frescoes. Lord Hindlip's at the Suivi was one not seen for some time. Robert Montgomery's is a familiar one there. Mr. Desmond Lysaght, Major Geoffrey Harbord, and Mrs. Ken Marden were out on the same evening, also Mr. Humphrey Fulford, now married to Miss Eve Taylor, the "original blonde bombshell."

Lord Cowdray had a table at the May Fair one night; the Dowager Duchess of Devonshire has been staying there, and pretty people in the lounge included Miss Peggy Hamilton, engaged to Lord Petre, and the Misses Bettie and Sybil Greenish, with Mrs. Terry Weldon.

Mr. and Mrs. Clive Graham were lunching together one day; she was Miss Dorothy North, and looked very pretty in a cherry-red coat and fish-net snood to match. Lady Kathleen Rollo, "David Niven's mother-in-law," was out lunching, too; also the Marquise de Casa Maury, Miss Belinda Blew Jones, and Baroness Winterstein Gillespie.

Cocktail Party

THERE was a gay cocktail party at the Savoy, given by Dr. and Mrs. Whitlock for the American Eagle Squadron and Mr. Monty Schoedsack.

Mr. Noel Coward was there, in a tweed suit; Mr. Quentin Reynolds, Mr. Eric Baume, Mr. and Mrs. Frank Owen—he is editor of the *Evening Standard* and one of the several recent "postscripters" there.

Squadron Leader Stephen, who has a D.S.O., D.F.C. and Bar, had flown up for the occasion; Mrs. Charles Bennet flew all the way from Hollywood to join the A.T.A., and looked attractive in her dark-blue uniform. Mr. Winant was to have come, but he had to send a note that he was too busy.

Writing Brothers

MR. ALEC WAUGH is in the Intelligence Corps, and is delightful as a person, very gentle and amusing. His brother, Evelyn, has been in Egypt, and has written another novel, which is good news. Captain Derek Tange is also in the Intelligence Corps, and a friend of Alec Waugh, and also of Mr. Ronald Hyde, with whom the latter was dining.

Miss Eve Fayne was there too—she is a journalist, and manages to combine being a real go-getting reporter with infinite charm and fragile prettiness, which is an achievement—so few women can do anything without being aggressive about it, and many of the charming and attractive ones are also idle—apart from the stage, of course.

An energetic representative of that is Miss Anna Neagle, who has been staying at Claridge's. She is to play Amy Johnson in a film about that remarkable woman, of whom Cowan Dobson painted a very good portrait, which has been specially sent down from Edinburgh for Miss Neagle to study, and copy the pose and so on for publicity stills.

Christenings

THE Duke of Gloucester was a godfather at the christening of Major and Mrs. David Scrymgeour Wedderburn's daughter at All Saints', Dummer, Basingstoke.

The other godparents were Mr. Scrymgeour Wedderburn, Captain R. O. Heriot-Maitland, Major E. W. Williams-Wynn, Mrs. Chetwode, Mrs. Robin Grosvenor, and Mrs. Andrew Ferguson. Major Scrymgeour Wedderburn is in the Scots Guards, and the Rev. A. J. T. Ireland christened the child Janet Mary.

Lieut. the Hon. David and Mrs. Hotham's son was christened Martin Patrick at St. Martin's, Fangfoss, Yorkshire. His godparents were his uncle, Major the Hon. Peter Hotham, the King's Own Yorkshire Light Infantry, Captain Sir Arthur Grant, Grenadier Guards, Mrs. Williams-Wynn, and Mrs. James Douglas. Mrs. Hotham was Miss Aileen Coates before she married Lord Hotham's sailor brother two years ago.

Film Come-Back

SEVERAL years ago one of the most promising of young British stars was a Scots girl called Eve Foster, who was thought to be like Mary Queen of Scots.

She starred in a film called *Checkmate*, in which featured players were then unknown Sally Gray, and Donald Wolfitt (who ran lunchtime Shakespeare through the blitz) and John Buckmaster, now the great thing in New York cabaret. Soon afterwards she fell off a horse in the Row and fractured her spine; had to spend three years in bed.

Now she is courageously preparing to make a screen come-back, and attempt to catch up with her former supporting players. Patrick Kinsella and Walter Mycroft were drinking her health and success in a Swiss Cottage pub the other day—she is a Hampstead A.R.P. warden, and was highly recommended for her courage in the last bad blitz.



The Hon. Secretary of the South and West Wilts Gymkhana and Pony Show, Lady Margaret Drummond-Hay, took part in the mounted wheelbarrow race. The show was held at Pyt House, Stanford, Tisbury, Wilts., the home of Lieut.-Colonel Bennett



The Potato Race was won by Isobel Harding on a useful-looking pony. The result of this exciting event was only decided after a tie

Out of Doors

Sporting and Charitable Events
in England and Scotland



Burford Fair added £800 to the amount collected during Burford's War Weapons Week. The expected total of £20,000 was nearly doubled. Sir Archibald Southby, M.P., opened the Fair, lent Burford Priory, Oxon, for the occasion, and judged the leg show. Above are Lt.-Col. Robinson, Lady Southby, Mrs. North Lewis and Mr. North Lewis, watching a dive-bomber in action



The Chinese Ambassador, Dr. Wellington Koo, went to the lawn tennis exhibition matches held on Chinese National Independence Day, at Aubrey House, Kensington. He is seen sitting between F. J. Piercy and Kenneth Lo, the Chinese Cambridge Blue, two of the performers

A Free Gift Sale for Scottish Red Cross funds was held at Sunderland Hall, Galashiels, not long ago. Mrs. Dalziel, Lord and Lady Craigmyle, of Farnilee, Galashiels, a convalescent sergeant, Miss McGowan and Lady Rose were some of those who watched the entertainments

War Weapons Week at Woodstock was opened by the Duke of Marlborough. In the picture are Lord Bicester, Lord Lieutenant of Oxfordshire, the Duke of Marlborough, Sir James Edmondson, M.P., the Duchess of Marlborough, Mr. Gillie Potter and Lady Bicester. The Duke, assisted by Mr. Potter, acted as auctioneer at an open-air sale, at which a signed photograph of Mr. Churchill fetched £250





The Judges for the various competitions, which included trials of skill in riding, driving and jumping, were Major K. Wallis and Mrs. F. Beckett



The Under 12 jumping competition was a popular one. Jane Drummond-Hay was a performer in it, and she was the winner of the musical chairs open event



A Silver Cup was given to Jill Johnson for the best performance at the gymkhana. She cleared this obstacle in the children's jumping class with the greatest ease



The Russian Ambassador, who is a very busy man these days, was also present at the tennis matches in aid of Chinese war charities. Mr. Maisky shook hands with Gem Hoahing, one of China's tennis champions, who took part in the afternoon's play

Right: Lady Northampton is the Regional Administrator of the Women's Voluntary Service at Reading. Members of this branch of the W.V.S. recently made a record distribution of 20,000 blankets in one week. These were gifts of the American Red Cross

*Photographs by
A. J. Bealing
Johnson, Oxford
Clapperton, Selkirk
Holloway, Northampton*



The Marchioness of Northampton, W.V.S.

The Princess Royal visited Northampton a short time ago, to open an A.T.S. exhibition. Accompanied by Lord Exeter, Lord Lieutenant of the county (behind H.R.H.), and Mr. J. Williamson, Chief Constable of Northamptonshire, she stopped to talk to Chief Commander D. Raynsford, Senior Commander M. Thorne, Lieut.-Colonel A. St. G. Coldwell, Brigadier Alston, Major Edwards and Captain Welton, during her tour of inspection



A Mobile Canteen was presented by the people of Easton, Pennsylvania, in honour of their namesake, Easton Neston, Northamptonshire. Below: Mr. W. Cowper Barrons hands the log-book of the canteen to Lord Hesketh. In the centre is Lady Nunburnholme, and on the left Mr. R. Eady, both representing the Y.M.C.A.



Standing By ...

One Thing and Another

By D. B. Wyndham Lewis

THAT rural miller fined recently for monkeying with the flour should have blamed George Stephenson, in our unfortunate view. When every rushing stream had its big wheel and every hill its gaily-spinning sails, there were no evil millers, but all were blameless and jolly, as a thousand songs and folk-tales attest. The horrible steam-mills which have taken their place would drive even a chartered accountant to sin.

Millers once were beautiful characters everywhere. Ballet fans who remember Massine's performance of the Miller's Dance in *The Three-Cornered Hat* (music by De Falla, decor by Picasso, period circa 1805), will recall the pure rugged goodness in every stamp and every twirl. We once looked up the original folk-story retold by Alarcón to make sure this was no whimsy twist of Diaghileff's. It was not. The ugly miller Lucas Fernandez and his handsome wife Frasquita are a model pair, and the amorous Corregidor, Don Eugenio de Zuñiga y Ponce de León, gets just what he's asking for in the millpond and afterwards. Millers were incapable of vice. The old mills were like ships, especially in a gale, and bred some of the same serene, lovely virtues you find in sailormen, and especially in H.M. Navy.

It would be just like you to quote against us that sneering old rural proverb which says you can tell an honest miller by the hair on his palms. This typical jealous hayseed spite will deceive nobody who knows his Arcadia, where anybody living a nobly virtuous life is denounced secretly to the police at once. However, now the miller works amid a hellish racket in a loathly barrack of galvanised iron full of steam and violence, we've no doubt he indulges

in bigamy, arson, forgery, wife-beating, abduction, homicide, and black magic as freely as the rest of the rural population.

Spell

IN Sweden, where time seems to hang heavy on chaps' hands, recent experiments claim to prove once more that cows are susceptible to music and give more milk under its influence; a theory first put forward when Orpheus was a boy.

Auntie Times went immediately so whimsy on this aged topic, rearing and bucking and plunging and cavorting and mooing, that you'd think Juno had turned the old trot into a frisky heifer herself. However, there is certainly something in Auntie's suggestion of cow-chamber orchestras. The kind, soft liquid eyes of cows would soothe and stimulate musicians accustomed to the cold glassy stare of the Island Race. The charming faces of cows, their gentle breathing, their silent, rhythmic chewing, their sweet immobility, would make them the ideal audience for anything from Bach to César Franck. A chap who used to lecture on English Poetry at Vassar and other women's colleges in the States once told us there is an excessively attractive Greuze-eyed type of American girl who creates the same immediate *sympathique* link.

Afterthought

COW-CHAMBER music would therefore not only increase the national milk-supply but improve the temper of musicians; edgy, difficult boys, most of them, apt to fly suddenly off the handle, brooding, jealous, and unkind. Oddly enough pianists, even women pianists, are exempt, and the delicious Cécile, the *ange musicien*, in



"... And you must know by now who's reading it ..."

Duhamel's novel is by no means a rare type. They can always knock hell out of the keyboard, of course.

Elder

THE case of Mr. Alfred Charles Arnold, cosmopolitan, traveller, and war correspondent, who died the other day claiming stoutly to be 112 years old and quoting a Bloomsbury parish-register birth-entry of 1829, is singular. He was a fit, tiny, dried-up, sprightly little man, fluent in five languages and of considerable charm, when we met him some ten years ago, and he described with vivacity street scenes at Queen Victoria's Coronation, when as a child of eight he was trampled on by the crowd. He then looked to us much younger than 102, and needed no spectacles. He did not boast about his age, but was modestly proud and claimed it quite seriously.

Had old Mr. Arnold been a ballet-dancer or a West End *jeune premier* or a Test cricketer, we thought, the public would have flocked admiringly till yesteryear to see him perform, and he would have been given a whacking great silver teapot on his 100th birthday by the Race, which reveres the art of not dying almost as much as the Chinese, especially when the practitioner is in the entertainment racket.

(One current West End musical-comedy favourite at least ten years Arnold's junior is covered with adulation and applause every time he totters on and flings his aged limbs indefatigably round the stage.)

Old Mr. Arnold, who began his career by training for opera—maybe under Lulli, or even Purcell?—ought to have stuck to it, we thought.

(Concluded on page 14)



"I said 'damn him!' not 'ram him!'"

Harvesting Party

Lady Hindlip and Her Sister Mrs. Michael Portman at Their Sussex Cottage



Lieut. Michael Portman spent his leave with his wife and daughter, sister-in-law and niece. He was in the Fleet Air Arm, but transferred to the Navy, has been serving on a minesweeper

Lord Hindlip married Miss Hansina Cecilia Elfrida Harris as his second wife in 1939, the same year that Mr. Michael Portman married, also as his second wife, Miss Marjorie Karr Harris. Lady Hindlip and Mrs. Portman have now taken a Sussex cottage together, and live there with their two small daughters and their two dogs. Little Penelope Jane Allsopp, the Hindlips' daughter, is eighteen months old. Her cousin, Synove Portman, "Sunny" for short, is just on two. Lieut. Michael Portman, R.N., is the second son of Captain the Hon. Gerald Portman, and a cousin of Viscount Portman. He has a son and a daughter by his first wife, formerly Miss June Charles, who divorced him in 1938

Right: "Sunny" Portman, aged two, totters about among the cornsheaves with her parents and her aunt

Photographs
by Swaebe



Lady Hindlip and Mrs. Michael Portman are sisters and were both married in 1939. They are of Norwegian extraction. The dogs are called Oats and Tara



The Hindlip-Portman cottage is at Ditchling, just below the Sussex Downs



Standing By ...

(Continued)

Footnote

ACADEMICIANS who spend long years painting cows also live to extreme old age, as an authority remarked in *The Times* recently. Painting rich women, we were once told at the Arts Club, is a different proposition, bringing on melancholia and death in early middle-age. One hardly knows what to think about this business of longevity, by and large, except to remember that short and admirable sermon once preached by a humble village priest and pregnant with matter. "Methuselah, my brethren," he began, "lived for nine hundred years, and he died"; having said which this priest left the pulpit.

Chum

THAT elephant at the Sanger's Circus auction which trumpeted in scorn (vide Press) at an opening £10 bid, had the right idea, like the ray of sunshine which

lights on the bride at Mayfair weddings. Nature *does* try, in spite of Whistler's criticism; especially if any of the Fleet Street boys are present, we notice.

Elephants and Switzerland always seem to us among Nature's most successful attempts to play up to the Press. That naïvely over-coloured vista, like an act-drop, of Mont Blanc from the Lake of Geneva, for example, is perfect headline scenery, like that impossibly rosy *Alpengluh* which, somebody once told us, is worked by a Schwabe-Hasait installation switched on and off by an old man in Berne Power Station.

Elephants, with their cunning malicious little eyes, obviously delight in deceiving the hamfaced populace. If you remember the celebrated ballyhoo over Jumbo of the Zoo, idol of Victorian England, the emotional peak came when, amid the tears and cheers of a distracted nation, Jumbo, crossing the fatal gangplank to the liner for America, paused midway twice, trumpeted, and turned hastily back, refusing to part from his Island buddies. That was an idea of clever Mr. Barnum's and was worked by a hidden electrical gadget which stung

Jumbo on his big flat feet; and you won't tell us Jumbo didn't enjoy his share in this odious deception.

Elephants also love to romp with the film boys (cf. *Clive of India*), another suspicious sign. We regard them as Samuel Butler regarded dumb-bells—with suspicion, as being academic, not to say bogus.

Gift

PROPOS elephants, exotic dumb chums seem to be in increasing fashion as gifts. The Chinese recently sent a giant panda to Mr. Roosevelt. Now the Free French have sent him a gorilla from French Equatorial Africa.

A rather embarrassing vogue, perhaps. When politicians and the great receive massive gold caskets, the gift of municipalities and generally of frightful design, they heave them into the lumber-room and turn to mightier things.

You can't do that with gorillas, or pandas, or even jaguars, as the poet realised (too late) after sending one of these pets to a smart hostess on her birthday, with the dainty lines:

All teeth and claws, behold this little jaguar!
A fit companion for the kind of hagar,

and we sometimes wondered idly what Josephine Baker did with that leopard, or whatever it was, she trailed for a time round Paris for the Press photographers' benefit, whether it clawed her friends much at parties, whether they'd rather be clawed to death or watch Josephine wiggle her torso and sing those songs, and so forth.

Veto

WE were once in a large house crammed with stuffed bears, elk, tigers, caribou, cobras and things, mostly holding trays and all shot personally by the owner, or at least by the representative of the trapper who sold them to the agent of the dealer for the shipper who sold them to the wholesalers. The owner wanted to press a huge stuffed python on a sweet girl who was present, but her mother said no. We still think Mumsie was right.

Discovery

GERMAN golfers may now stamp happily to the first tee, having been assured by the *Kolnische Zeitung* that "golf" is not English or even Scots, but a Dutch-Flemish word, *kolf*, meaning a club to strike balls with.

Looking up the cleanly and admirable Skeat—what menial service wouldn't we do for you, dogsbody that we are?—we find the *Kolnische Zeitung* is correct. More sinister is the discovery, on turning up "cricket" in the same authority, that it comes directly from the Old French *cricquet*, the post aimed at in the ancient *jeu de boule*. Continental influences in the Game That Has Made Us, etc., etc., etc.! No wonder the extensive devotional literature of cricket never mentions this.

Some months ago Osbert Sitwell declared in public that he played against Yorkshire at the age of seven, whereupon some abandoned scribbler dared to allege further that the Yorkshire XI. at that period was half full of little French actresses named Toto and Zizi and Paquette and Mimi la Tigresse, not only playing but hanging round the pitch, ogling the umpires, and pressing voluptuous kisses on the cold lips of the solemn, noble horse-faces as they strode out in their pure white flannel armour and their little schoolboy caps. No official protests having been received from Yorkshire or the M.C.C., one must conclude this shameful story is true.

D. B. Wyndham Lewis

Old Bill Goes East: By Bruce Bairnsfather



"We paralysed 'em at Beirut, old boy!"

Australian Beauties

Some of the Girls Who Decorate Sydney's
Twenty Beaches, and the One Who Was
Chosen as 1941 Star



Beach Girl of the Year is Joan Bell, seventeen, blonde, daughter of a watchmaker and jeweller. Being chosen star beach girl won her a prize of £100

Film-studio publicity throws a perpetual spotlight on the pretty girls of Hollywood, groomed and glamorous and struggling for success. For a change, here are some Empire products whose spotlight is the sun that blazes on a score of Sydney beaches. All through the bathing season one girl a week is chosen as star from the thousands who swim and dive and sun-bathe, and this year from these "girls of the week" was chosen a Beach Girl of the Year. The contest was organised in aid of the Red Cross, and included competitions for the public to try their skill in grading beauty, with the official judges' placing as the standard. Annette Kellerman, who judges "Miss America" contests, a sculptor, and an artist gave the final decision, and chose a shining young blonde named Joan Bell. Miss Kellerman, who should know, called her "one of the most charming girls I have ever met"

Exercises for the beach girls, who present playlets and tableaux at the "Temple of Beauty" to publicise Empire products, are in charge of Margaret McNeill, wife of an R.A.F. officer



The ideal outdoor girl is what the judges look for when choosing Sydney's Beach Girl of the Year. Health and freshness are more important than glamour



An art student now, Joan Bell wants to be a fashion designer. She also fences, dances, skates, rides, reads psychology, collects autographs, stamps and coins. She wants to marry before she is twenty

Sailors' choice was this eighteen-year-old brunette, Joan Manning, who hopes to be a professional skater. The sailors were from U.S.S. Chicago; they were invited to choose a star beach girl, and picked Miss Manning on Coogee beach



With Silent Friends

By Elizabeth Bowen

Autumn Crop

AUTUMN brings round again, this year as ever, her particular pleasures—a tang in the morning sunshine, dahlias, wood-smoke, batches of new books. September, in town or country, knows exactly how to console us for the passing of summer. Opposite my window, the Regent's Park dahlias reflect their gorgeousness into the sunny lake—to use the fine old cliché, they make a brave show. And so, I may say, have the London publishers done: they have faced this year's difficult season with quite imposing results. With not only paper-shortage but author-shortage has the 1941 publisher to contend—many once lively typewriters are now silent, and pens have been laid aside, as the Services, the Ministries or the hundred other activities of wartime divert writers' energies into new channels. A great many names are absent from the publishers' lists, and we must wait for peace until we see them again. But happily every one is not silent: war experiences have already flowered into some quite remarkable books, so that this autumn's lists, though so much curtailed, can make up for their shortness by their good quality. Although

the publishing season is still young, there are already new books that one cannot afford to miss.

Essex Vintage

HIGH among these stands Miss Margery Allingham's *The Oaken Heart* (Michael Joseph, 7s. 6d.). Miss Allingham has been for some time well known as a detective novelist of the first rank, with a flair for the psychological side of a mystery, a subtle perception of character and a strong feeling for the atmosphere of a place. For this reason, none of her stories have shown the thin or flat technique of the "shocker." Now, in this first non-fiction book of hers, she puts her gifts to a new and important use. One may say that here again she examines a mystery—but it is the immortal mystery of the English heart. She writes about her own race, which has astonished the world. "You English are an extraordinary people!"—how often has one heard that remark made, and in what a variety of tones. I think, in *The Oaken Heart*, Miss Allingham shows that the apparent English extraordinariness resides in the English genius for staying ordinary under what might be called the most fantastic conditions. (I should like, by the way, to make clear from the very start that this is not one more of the "Britain Can Take It" books).

Miss Allingham has for her subject an East Anglian village she calls Auburn, that was her birthplace, her childhood's home, and to which she and her husband returned to live. She, therefore, writes as a native. Auburn, despite its nearness to London, keeps unchanged its age-long, inbred, almost tacit traditions, its rare maypole, its slow-motion, its ways of speech and its local family names. Though pretty, it is saved from sentimental idyllicism by one successfully hideous shop. In this Auburn, Miss Allingham shows us a microcosm of that stubborn, serene England that is now at grips with war. Few people in Auburn ever utter that long word "democracy"—yet democracy, a democracy bred of ages, is the very spirit and fibre of that apparently go-easy village life. There is a strength in this that cannot be shaken, and a health that cannot be poisoned by the evils of war. The story of Auburn's reactions—from the summer before Munich up to some months short of the present day—is entrancingly, shrewdly and matter-of-factly told. Miss Allingham has deep humour, but does not overwork it—myself, I detest village annals that ever verge on the "quaint." Her unsentimentality and her feeling for character are here to be seen at their very best. But she has something more—a dramatic feeling for the grand human spirit appearing in small acts or quite prosaic words.

Something New

WHAT is it, though, that gives *The Oaken Heart* its sterlingly original quality? You may say that we have already had several books about rural England in wartime, evacuee invasions, A.R.P. crises, bomb stories. Not an English village, however remote, has not known its laughs, its alarms and its tragedies. (Auburn, in the wartime sense, was far from being remote: it lies direct in the bombers' route to London, and from their dark doorsteps the villagers, speechless, watched London burn. When preparations went up against invasion, Auburn learned she was now in the front line.)



Our New Book Critic

Elizabeth Bowen, whose first article as TATLER AND BYSTANDER book critic appears on this page, is well known as a novelist and short story writer. Her first collection of short stories appeared in 1923, her latest, *Look At All Those Roses*, was published last year. *The House in Paris* and *The Death of the Heart* (1938) are her most recent novels. She is Irish by birth, and in private life is the wife of Alan Charles Cameron, who is at the B.B.C. She and her husband live in Regent's Park. Her home in County Cork gives the title to her new book, *Bowen's Court*, which will be published by Longmans, Green.

The originality of Miss Allingham's book about Auburn lies, I think, in the length and depth of her view. Though she delights in the humour and variations of character, her eyes are set on something symbolic behind. She respects the laws that these countrified human beings have evolved for themselves, and shows how, through every trial, these instinctive laws continue to hold good. She salutes the sanity of the judgments that, in such a village, draw their life from tradition. Herself an innate villager, she shows herself up against the city-bred, brain-spun, so-called "intellectual" view. She shows how sanely Auburn reacted to many crises—the King of the Belgians' surrender, the fall of France, the invasion threat. One may say that she gives, with equal fairness, examples of the village capriciousness. She is not out to idealise Auburn, nor to, at all explicitly, analyse it. She offers her Auburn as a phenomenon, and invites us to study, in it, what England is.

Mr. Lom Tries Not To Mind

ALESS pleasing aspect of the English mystery has been our treatment of friendly aliens. Mr. Lom, who tells his own story in the third person, was one of the (on the whole amazingly unresentful) victims of the round-up that followed the fall of France. We could afford, supposedly, to take no chances—therefore, Mr. Lom, an artist, a highly civilised person, passionately at one with us in our struggle and anti-Nazi for far more deeply personal reasons than you or I, was snatched from his London flat and his busy and useful life, conducted (to put it mildly) to a police station, stripped of his belongings, transferred, with

(Concluded on page 21)



Tunbridge-Sedgwick

Brains Trust Star

Formerly known to intellectuals, students of philosophy, and the serious reading public, Professor C. E. M. Joad has now become, as a member of the B.B.C. Brains Trust, a popular, if invisible, figure. He is one of the "resident experts" of the Trust, who at 5.15 every Sunday in the Forces programme answer any questions listeners care to send in. Joad, who is head of the Department of Philosophy and Psychology at Birkbeck College, University of London, has written books on philosophy both for experts and the general reader. He was photographed while lecturing to the Fabian Summer School at Dartington Hall, had arrived there straight from his farm in Wales.

Viscountess Kelburn and Her Daughter

The Earl of Glasgow's
Daughter-in-Law and
Elder Granddaughter

Sarah Dorothea Boyle, born in June, was christened a few weeks ago at Birnam, in Perthshire. She is the daughter of Lieut. Viscount Kelburn, R.N., and Viscountess Kelburn, and granddaughter of the Earl and Countess of Glasgow. Her mother, Lady Kelburn, was Miss Dorothea Lyle before her marriage in 1937, and is the only daughter of Sir Archibald Lyle, Bt., and Lady Lyle, of Riemore Lodge, Dunkeld, Perthshire. The Kelburns have a son, who was two years old in July. Sarah Boyle has a still younger cousin—the baby daughter, born in August, of Lady Hersey Waldegrave, Lord Kelburn's sister, whose husband, Lieut.-Commander the Hon. John Waldegrave, D.S.C., R.N., is Lord Radstock's heir



Photographs by
Lenarc

Margot Fonteyn

Studies of the Sadler's Wells Ballerina
in Four of Her Roles



In the Mad Scene in "Giselle"

Le Lac des Cygnes was chosen to open the Sadler's Wells Ballet's fourth London season of the year on Monday. It is now four years since Margot Fonteyn first danced the great double Odette-Odile role in this, perhaps the best-loved of the old classical ballets. And it is nearly five years since, aged seventeen, she made her debut as Giselle, the role which is for ballerinas what Hamlet is for actors. She is to-day what then she youthfully was and promised further to become: a classical ballerina of exceptional nobility and grace. During those years, her pure fluid style has gained in strength and brilliance from her increased technical mastery, and in artistry and dramatic power a deepening and maturing process has kept company with her development of technique. Next week, after a lapse of two years, she will appear once more as Aurora in *The Sleeping Princess*. It was a great moment in the history of English ballet when Margot Fonteyn first danced this long and difficult role in February 1939. The first wartime revival will be almost as exciting an event

Photographs by
Anthony



As the God of Love in "Orpheus and Eurydice"



In the Ballroom Scene in "Apparitions"



As Odette in "Le Lac des Cygnes"



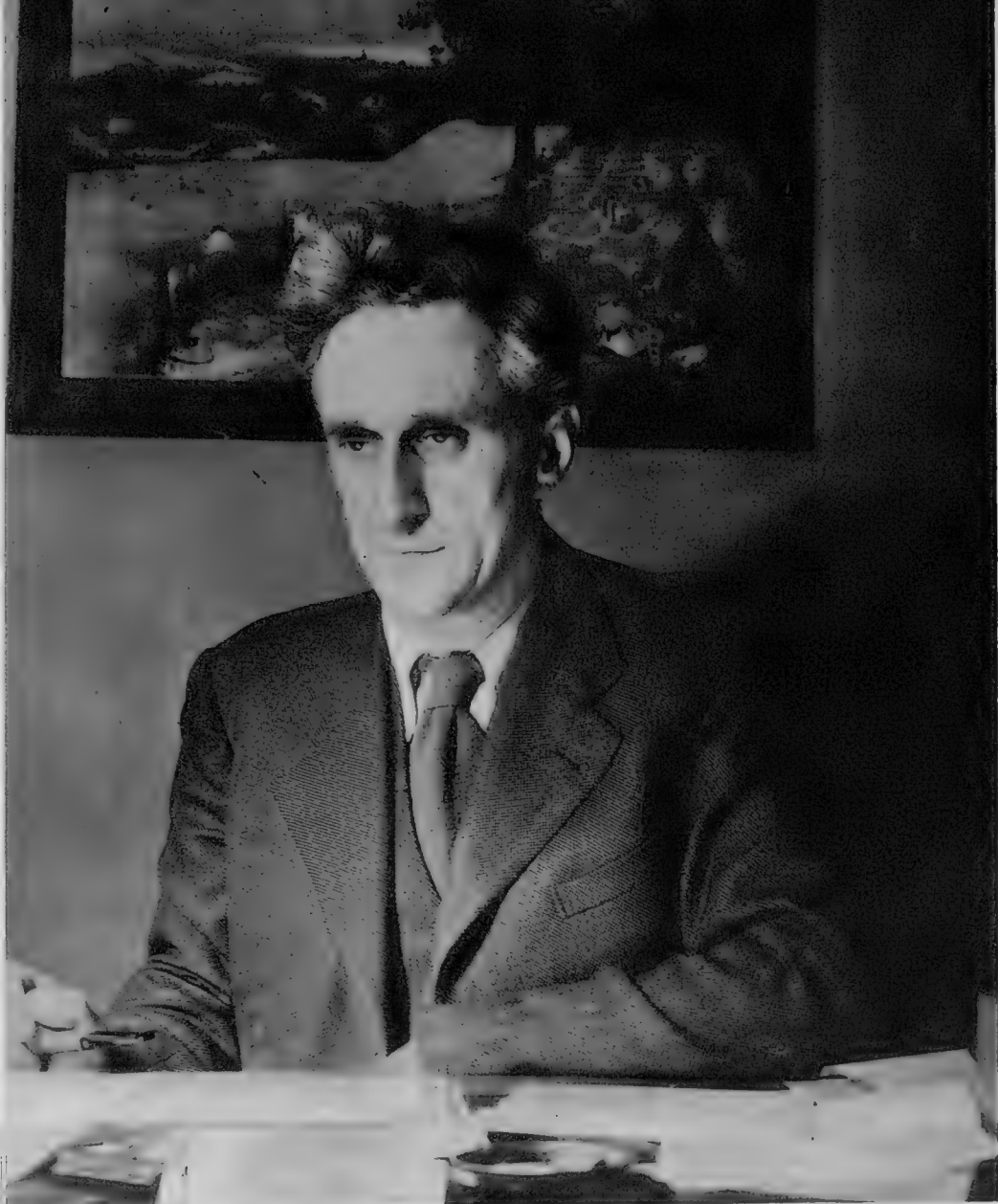
As Odile in "Le Lac des Cygnes"

The four-week autumn season of ballet began at the New Theatre on Monday. The Sadler's Wells company, since they filled that theatre to capacity for every performance in the summer, have been touring the provinces, proving by packed houses in Manchester, Leeds and so on that ballet is by no means a Londoner's fancy, but something which people all over the country need and love. The two events so far announced for this season are revivals of *The Sleeping Princess* and of *The Lord of Burleigh*, an Ashton ballet arranged by Edwin Evans from Tennyson's poem to Mendelssohn music. *The Sleeping Princess* makes as big demands as any work in the whole repertoire of modern ballet, both on the resources of a company and on the talent of individual dancers. Under wartime conditions, not the least difficult of which is the calling-up of male dancers of military age, it is a tremendous achievement on the part of the Sadler's Wells organisation to be able to revive such a work. All ballets will be given with full orchestra, under Constant Lambert's direction

Leaders of Opinion

No. 4. The Editor of the "New Statesman and Nation"

It is just ten years since Kingsley Martin took charge of the newly-amalgamated *New Statesman and Nation*. What effect he has had on its career and what influence he has on public opinion is partly indicated by the circulation of the *N.S. & N.*, which has now reached 40,000, a record figure in English weekly journalism of the sixpenny, serious class. Basil Kingsley Martin was born in 1897, son of an unorthodox Nonconformist minister, who summed up his life-story in a book called *An Impossible Parson*. His son was educated at Hereford, Mill Hill and Cambridge, where he took a First Class in History in 1921. He then received a Bye-Fellowship of Magdalene, and a Scholarship to Princetown, New Jersey. While in America he wrote his first book, *The Triumph of Lord Palmerston*. In 1923 he was appointed assistant lecturer in political science at the London School of Economics; five years later, he left the scholastic world for journalism, joining the editorial staff of the *Manchester Guardian*. In 1931 the new board of directors of the amalgamated *New Statesman and Nation*, which included the late Arnold Bennett, J. M. Keynes and Arnold Rowntree, chose Kingsley Martin for editor. Three years later the increasing prosperity of the paper was further augmented by the incorporation of the *Week-End Review*, whose editor, Gerald Barry (*Tatler*, September 24th), joined the board. To-day, the left-wing, independent *Statesman* is probably read regularly by more people whom its politics annoy than any other paper in the country. Among its editor's half-dozen or so books is *Low's Russian Sketch Book*, a collaboration with David Low the cartoonist, after they were both in Russia in 1932. In 1937 Kingsley Martin paid his second visit to America, when he was one of the few English people ever to be interviewed by Trotsky in Mexico City



Kingsley Martin, Editor of the "New Statesman and Nation," taught political science before he became a journalist. He likes mountain-scrambling, chess and gardening when he has time to relax



From the roof of the "Statesman" offices, just off Holborn, the view spreads over the chimney-pots of Bloomsbury to the hills of Hampstead, and south over the Thames. Taking the air were Kingsley Martin, the editor, Eleanor Robertson, his secretary, Raymond Mortimer, literary and art critic, G. L. Schwartz, lecturer at the London School of Economics, J. Hoole, in charge of advertising, and W. O. Hewson, the company's secretary, and a veteran of the staff

A "business-as-usual" sign stands in the "N.S. & N." office window—reminder of the bombing-days when half the neighbourhood seemed to be "on the floor"



Photographs by
Tunbridge-Sedgwick

With Silent Friends

(Continued from page 16)

bewildered others, to an empty racecourse where one found exiguous shelter under the grand stand, and finally ended up in the mud and draughts and barbed-wire of Huyton internment camp. "Never mind, Mr. Lom!" his charlady called after him, as he was being hustled out of his flat—and in *Never Mind, Mr. Lom* (Macmillan, 7s. 6d.), Alfred Lomnitz tells the tale of some of the happenings that, as Mr. Lom, he tried so hard not to mind.

This is the least "hard luck" book I have ever read. Mr. Lom sees war as placing the nicest people—and he seems to consider the English the nicest people—in intolerable positions with regard to their friends, and as forcing them into some intolerable acts. There are incidents, quietly told, in his story that raise one's hair: one asks, "Did this really happen on our shores?" He and his fellow-internees were the victims not, it is true, of one single act of deliberate cruelty, but of those unforeseeable cruelties that arise from muddles. Not only every indignity but a quite strong suggestion that they were criminals was heaped upon the victims of the round-up. Mr. Lom does succeed in keeping, throughout his trials, the healthy psychology of the naturally free man—but, as he shows, this was not easily done.

He battles hard to keep two things—his sense of his own identity and a sane point of view. Deprived of private possessions, encamped without furniture, denied, with letters and newspapers, any fragment of news from the outside world, and for some time answering in the daily roll call only to a number, not to his own name, he could have, he feels, become no more than a number, could forget what it feels like to be an "I." Some people, under Mr. Lom's conditions, gladly forfeit their sense of "I" in order to suffer less—one could despise no one for that form of

escape, but Mr. Lom is not willing to pay the price. So he feels it all to the full—and what a tough time he had! Courageously, he is more concerned with describing the suffering of many of his friends—the fact is, that this new confinement, new phase of internment life, brings back the buried nightmare of the Nazi regime to aliens who, having in Germany atrociously suffered, had just begun to believe that they had escaped. Men stamped by the Nazi horror never forget, and Huyton brought up the past again.

Restraint

MR. LOM's touch is light; he deliberately plumbs no depths. I feel that we ought to thank him for his restraint. As it is written the book, in spite of its painful subject, makes fascinatingly interesting reading, and is very difficult to put down. With skill he has touched in different characters, written living dialogue, given us vivid scenes. As a picture of people's behaviour in community life this is, in a queer way, not unlike a school story. But what a school!—and what could one learn there except to keep one's chin up and to pray for Nazi defeat, bringing with it the end of demented days? Mr. Lom is not an artist for nothing; he makes us see, feel, almost smell whatever he writes about—the wind racing down that awful barbed-wired racecourse; the mud of Huyton squelching under one's feet, the dankness of the dinner-tent in the rain, the rawness of the small red Huyton building estate houses, meant, as Mr. Lom says wistfully, to be homes. Home, for the internees, becomes an unbearable thought—they have almost all left wives, children or sweethearts behind, and for weeks they have not heard a word from these.

Mr. Lom puts his own troubles behind him in the most practical way, by helping every one else. And when conditions began to improve at Huyton, the authorities discovered he was a painter, gave him painting materials, let him work. He has illustrated, excellently, this book with drawings done in the camp.

The ending is happy—Lom's release is obtained. Seldom have the intoxications of new-found freedom been better described. There is the great moment, too, of his reappearance in the friendly Oxfordshire village where his mother lives.

This is a fine document of human courage: *Never Mind, Mr. Lom*, is on no account to be missed.

Blind Man's View

TO return to fiction after two real life records is to put fiction to a rather severe test. On the whole, Sir Hugh Walpole's last novel stands up to the test well. *The Blind Man's House* (Macmillan, 8s. 6d.) has many of the sound qualities of his earlier novels, such as *The Green Mirror*. Its subject is painful—a blind man's suffering at the idea of his wife's infidelity, and the story approaches tragedy, but has a happy end. Sir Hugh seemed to me always to be aware of the sinister element in people: his characters are often demons or witches under their prosaic, placid or even jolly exteriors. Daisy Brennan, the rector's Junoesque, golden-haired wife is the witch in this case: she nearly wrecks the happiness of blind Julius and his bride, who, having rented the manor of Garth in Roselands, had every hopes of settling happily there. The whole novel has an uncanny atmosphere, increased, to my mind, by the Gleveshire mists that curdle outside the cheerful, firelit rooms.

Wit To Taste

Good Company—an anthology compiled by Mr. Arthur Stanley (Gollancz, 7s. 6d.) is real good company. Mr. Stanley's own fancy and wide reading have helped him to harvest an excellent store of humour, vanity, malice and characterisation: his excerpts are culled from writers of all races and times. He loves wit, and loves the unexpected in prose. This is a book to keep about on a table rather than tuck away on a shelf. You will find it contains a treasure for everybody, and to pick it up is to be sure of a smile.

Caravan Causerie . . .

By Richard King

FOR the present I am living in a caravan. It is, however, a luxury caravan; because, beside electric light, it contains four really comfortable beds—always providing you are not a kicker-in-the-night—and a bath large enough in which to bathe a Pomeranian. During the sunny six months of the year scarcely an acquaintance passes my door without requesting a peep inside. "How lovely!" they exclaim, with all the exaggeration of acquaintances eager to please: "How I should simply adore to live in one myself." During the grimmer seasons, however, they show no inclination to share such bliss. Indeed, they hint darkly of the possibilities of acute bronchitis, chronic rheumatism and the probability of being peacefully frozen to death! As a matter of fact, this last calamity is extremely unlikely, the accursed-blessing of oil stoves being that, although one's feet may rest on Greenland's icier mountains, one's head is definitely in the tropics.

Often I wish that this division of temperature might be reversed. I would regard a permanently cool head as a blessing indeed, for, although my brain may rule my heart in the long run, it is almost invariably a kind of mopping-up operation. My heart having a devastating habit of rushing in where commonsense would cry, "You fool!" It is an exasperating characteristic, but has its moments—like all foolishness!—Anyway, I shall never be able to cure myself now. The heart in its erratic courses invariably creates its own countryside and nothing will convince it, until it wakes up (usually too late), that the enchanted castle it visualised was in reality little other than an uninterrupted view of the gas works! Nevertheless, in spite of delusions, life seems invariably to return where dreams still tantalise. Which, perhaps, is why mistakes are so often repeated and by the

same people. Mistakes can look quite different from another approach. Dreams so easily refuse to die. At best, they simply go away and snooze. For they are a part of the dreamer's life. The most important part, perhaps—which nobody knows anything about.

The reason I am living in a caravan is because so many forlorn "elderlies," thwarted of the refuge of Cheltenham and its ilk, came to live in "Oddy-upon-Wem" for the duration; or, at least, until the first bomb drops within five miles of the little West Country town. Accommodation soared beyond even the lure of premiums. Therefore I had to buy a caravan. This for the reason that I have found, during so many years, my most loving and lovable friends among blinded soldiers, and it is to "Oddy-upon-Wem" that those blinded in this war are being sent for training and recovery from their wounds.

Nevertheless, my soul is still numbed by the fact that in one life-time fate should repeat itself so horribly. Two World Wars is certainly one too many—within twenty-five or even a thousand years. A somewhat bewildered resignation to this horror is the only alternative to pessimistic cynicism. And this being so, to cross-examine Providence is superfluous. One must be up, and so far as one's time-battered capabilities allow, doing. So here I am—for what it is worth—living in a caravan on a hill overlooking "Oddy-upon-Wem." And, as I write these words, there comes the sound of laughter—that laughter which still remains for me a miracle. The laughter of sightless men—young men; some scarcely more than youths. For us, merely the "Call of Duty" or the "Demands of Patriotism": for them—the bottom surely of one of life's steepest hills—a hill which, all alone, they must ascend.

*Happiness
afoot*
- more steps - less effort



the answer is

SELBERITE ARCH PRESERVER SHOES



Look for this
trade mark.
All genuine Arch Preservers bear it.

300 Shops in the British Isles are authorised to fit and sell Selberite Arch Preservers. Write for list of them, with illustrations of new styles, to
ARCH PRESERVER SHOE LTD.,
(London Office): 17/18, OLD BOND STREET, W.1

Getting Married

The "Tatler and Bystander's" Review
of Weddings and Engagements



Johnson, Oxford

Chapman—Bartholdy

Michael Edward Chapman, second son of Dr. and Mrs. R. W. Chapman, of 4, Park Town, Oxford, and Brigit Mendelssohn Bartholdy, younger daughter of the late Professor Albrecht Mendelssohn Bartholdy, Fellow of Balliol College, and Mrs. Mendelssohn Bartholdy, of 17, Park Town, Oxford, were married at St. Columba's, Oxford



Lt.-Com. Blaxland and Miss Sharpe

Lieut.-Com. George F. Blaxland, R.N., son of the late Vice-Admiral and Mrs. J. E. Blaxland, and Patricia Marianne Sharpe, daughter of Engineer Rear-Admiral and Mrs. A. Vernon Sharpe, of 33, Alexandra Court, S.W.7, are engaged. Her brother, Paymaster Sub-Lt. A. L. Sharpe, was married on Sept. 30th in Singapore to Cesca Blyth, daughter of Com. (E.) G. F. Blyth



Hooker—Bowring Toms

Lieut. John Joseph Symonds Hooker, R.N., only son of the late Lieut.-Col. J. D. Hooker, and Mrs. Hooker, of Pendock, Worcs., and Pamela Bowring Toms, W.A.A.F., elder daughter of Mr. and Mrs. E. Bowring Toms, of Harbour Lights, Sandbanks, Dorset, were married at Sandbanks



Phelps—Stewart

Captain Harold Vandeleur Phelps, Northamptonshire Yeomanry, and Mary Stewart, daughter of Colonel and Mrs. W. A. Stewart, of Pentlow Hall, Cavendish, Suffolk, and 7, Selwyn Gardens, Cambridge, were married at St. Bene't's, Cambridge. He is the son of Mr. and Mrs. J. V. Phelps, of Woodbury, East Avenue, Bournemouth



Fayer

Stewart—Thornton

Lieut. Ian Michael Stewart, Welsh Guards, and Peggy Spencer Thornton were married last month at Holy Trinity, Brompton. He is the younger son of the late Lieut.-Col. W. R. Stewart, and Mrs. J. A. D. Bell, of Cedar Court, Alderton, Suffolk. She is the twin daughter of Mr. Spencer Thornton, of Cranbourne Corner, near Ascot



Mills—Richards

Captain Allan Oswald Gawler Mills, R.A., and Beata Elizabeth de Courcy Richards were married in June at Hong Kong. He is the only son of Mr. and Mrs. Gawler Mills, of Aspley Heath House, Woburn Sands, Bletchley. She is the only child of the Rev. and Mrs. D. Morgan Richards, Colonial Civil Service, Hong Kong

(Concluded on page 26)

Pictures in the Fire

By "Sabretache"

A Descendant of "The Tartar"

ANENT the recent exhumation by Russian explorers of the mortal remains of that masterful chieftain Taimur the Tartar, and a little paragraph in these notes speculating upon the psychological effect it might have upon a person so excitable as Mr. Schicklgruber, I have received the following most interesting letter:—

I read your remarks in a recent issue on Taimur Leng *alias* Tamerlane *alias* Taimur the Tartar, and strange to say I knew his last lineal descendant quite well. He was Bahadur Shah's grandson and lived in Rangoon. He used to ride about the place with a curious gilt crown on his head, rather like the Pope's tiara, and it had little gold balls on it. The Government allowed him a small pension of a few hundred rupees a month and he had a small post as a sort of local headman in the street in which he lived. All the police and so forth used to salute him, and old Rangoonites will remember him well. His name was also Taimur and he was variously known as Prince Taimur and the Dehli Prince. I remember him saying to me once, at a time when certain turbulent elements were raising Cain in India and elsewhere: "Why does the Sirkar (Government) put up with all this trouble? Why don't they put me back on the throne? I will guarantee to keep the country quiet and legal!" He had some female relations in Benares whom he used to go and see about once a year, but no male descendants.

Hunting Carries On

A GOOD sign, even if the key is a very minor one! The "Shires" and the Provinces do not mean to allow the Hogs to flatten them, and are keeping things going in a way that in no respect interferes

with the national food supply or with food stocks. A few items: the Hon. Dick Samuel is again gallantly standing behind the Warwickshire.

The Avon Vale have reduced their pack considerably, don't know by how many, and thanks to good management and judicious economy look like weathering the storm financially for the moment. They have given up the kennels at Semington, and hounds have gone to Spye Park, where Captain Spicer of The Badminton is looking after them for the Joint-Masters. This is a sort of return home for them in a way, as they were originally Captain Spicer's Harriers (till some time in the early nineties, I think), and occupied these very kennels, which, I am told, are in very good condition, and they will be well looked after by the present Captain Spicer.

I have not heard anything of the Beaufort, but I fear Sir Audley Neeld's death will be a great blow to them, as the Grittleton estate was always well kept up and held plenty of foxes. It was sad to see the catalogues of the sale at Grittleton House. Sir Audley was a great gentleman and a good landlord and sportsman, and will be greatly missed.

Shape of Sport to Come

THE New Order, about which we hear so much, must inevitably envisage the shape of all or any of our diversions and relaxations. The shape is bound to be as new as a good many other things. If it is postulated that we are not to be deprived of all forms of sport, then we are bound to



Airman into Arab

Flying-Officer Hamlyn, after a forced landing in enemy territory, walked 80 miles across the desert to rejoin his squadron. He was photographed in Arab disguise on his arrival. He received the D.F.C. for this exploit, which also qualified him for membership of "The Late Arrivals Club," members of which have all regained their bases, on foot or otherwise, after being shot down

wonder what the new forms may be. There is likewise this further: many forms of sport provide employment and good trading profits. Blood-stock breeding and its concomitant, racing, for instance, is a valuable national asset, and after this war one of which the British Empire, the U.S.A. and South America will enjoy a virtual monopoly. No stock bred on the Continent under German domination can hope for any Stud Book recognition. This fact cannot be too prominently kept before the mind.

Göbbels has told the world that no dog other than one of pure Aryan descent can in future be permitted! The enemy's Propaganda Minister has said a good many silly things, but this tops them all. Presumably the same thing will apply to horses!

On a Reduced Scale

THEN fox-hunting, which, like racing, provides employment and trade for a very large number of people, the catalogue of which it is hardly necessary to detail, but it includes a vast number.

Everyone recognises that things cannot hope to be quite what they have been in the past. Horse-boxes and hound-vans may vanish and thus make it very difficult for the same radius of operations to be covered; but people have had to ride on to the meets before now, and hounds have had to lie out at some inn over-night. Why not again? Even now, if you and I were doing what we usually have done at this time of year, when the first fogs begin to appear, we might find ourselves jogging along beside the M.F.H., or George or Bill, the huntsman, with only the tips of the hounds' sterns visible above the moist early-morning carpet of ground mist; and we should be liking it, and all the customary hound talk about the young entry, and how that old bitch Barbara had never produced a bad litter, no matter what the dog had been, Quorn, Belvoir, Brocklesby, Buccleuch, Tynedale an' all! The days of second horses may be gone: Master may have to give the order to whip off, if they are running at 3 p.m., instead of carrying on



Lady Estella Hope and Her Prize-Winning Ponies

Shetland ponies are useful as well as decorative, and besides being perfect children's mounts they make excellent pit ponies, owing to their smallness and great strength. Lady Estella Hope has for many years been breeding Shetlands at her home, South Park, Bodiam, Sussex. She has won hundreds of cups and prizes with them, and hopes to win more after the war. Lady Estella is an aunt of Lord Linlithgow



Officers and Guests of the South Midland Area and Royal Berkshire Regiment

Two members of the Women's Transport Service were invited to the South Midland Area and Royal Berkshire Regiment's "At Home." They were Junior Commander V. Crossley and Company Commander E. Browne, who are seen talking to a Brigadier

Others present were Miss Noreen McCalmont, and a Colonel, with Major and Mrs. Shennan. Before the war stopped all that sort of thing, the Shennans were very keen hunting people and well-known Heythrop followers

with that stout afternoon fox on that still stouter scent in the falling temperature; but why should all this matter?

The main thing as I regard it is to preserve that which will give comfort and pleasure where, believe me, the right to it will have been well earned before we are through with all this blood and devastation. I cite racing and hunting merely as examples, but the same argument applies all round.

The Cambridgeshire

ANYTHING written before the acceptances, as unfortunately this has to be, is done under an obvious disadvantage. All that is known at this moment is that the top-weight, Sun Castle, winner of the Leger, is definitely not going, and that Orthodox and Morogoro are both very doubtful starters, especially the latter, and that Mr. Jack Dewar's Reversion (8 st. 11 lb.) is the present favourite. He is by Cameronian, Mr. Dewar's Derby winner, and on Leger day at Manchester, with 8-5 on his back, beat Selim Hassan a head (equals 1 lb.) in the Imperial Plate (1½ miles). In the Cambridgeshire, Selim Hassan is asked to give Reversion 1 lb. instead of 3 lb., and that is probably a very nice bit of handicapping.

The Cambridgeshire on October 8th might very well lie between these two, though the pundits assert that Lord Rosebery's nice four-year-old, Hippius (9 st. 3 lb.), is a possible intervener. Five pounds is not a lot of weight to give away over a mile, but it is still five pounds, and in the case of Reversion six pounds; and both this colt and Selim Hassan are in good heart, as we have just seen proved. Selim Hassan has not been winning out of his turn, but I do not think that he can be said to have gone back since he won the substitute Greenham, the Southern Plate (1 mile), on April 14th. He beat Mr. Sawyer at level weights (8 st. 5 lb.) very comfortably, and the somewhat disappointing filly Keystone

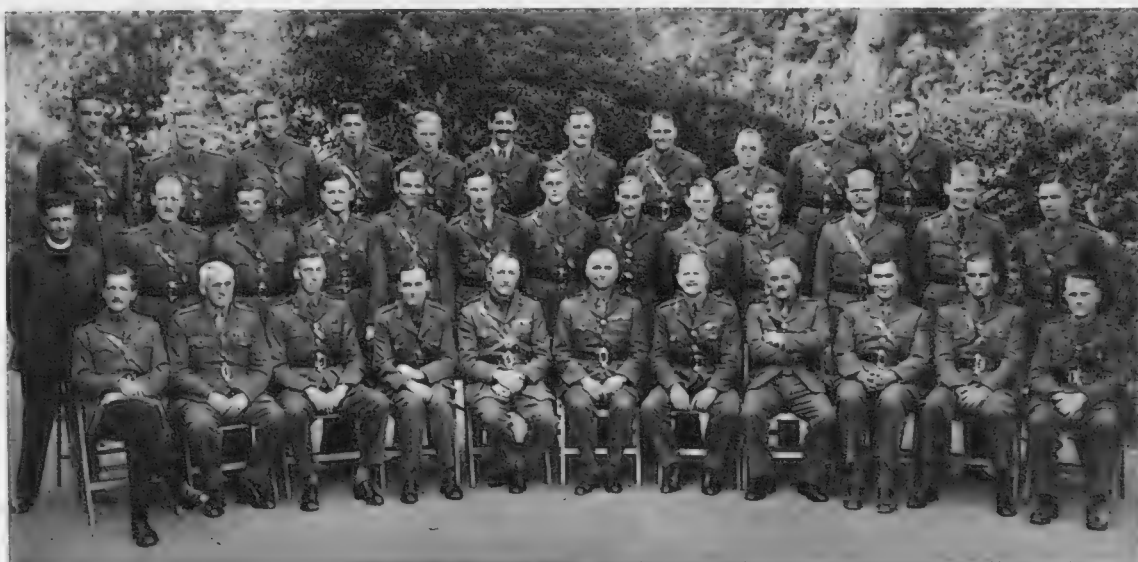
(8 st. 12 lb.) was third. She started an odds-on favourite. On August 25th, Selim Hassan won the Deerpark Stakes (1½ miles) at Worcester, and carrying 8 st. 10 lb. beat a hot favourite, Eastern Echo (8 st. 7 lb.), by three-quarters of a length. In the Cambridgeshire, Eastern Echo gets 5 lb. from him. This again is a very close bit of handicapping. At the moment I think Selim Hassan is the best each-way bet in the race, in which there is sure to be a big field.

Till Ascot

THE Leger winner, so I gather from the best possible source, is to be put by till Ascot 1942, and I am sure that the decision is a wise one, for it has been a difficult task even for Captain "Von Clausewitz" Boyd-Rochfort to bring Sun Castle through his 1941 programme. The hard going early on was a terrible deterrent, and if he had gone on with him, there was the kind of risk which no trainer cares to

face. Anyway, the final triumph was a lesson for all of us, and a really fine bit of judgment, though the distinguished trainer has most modestly disclaimed any credit. The credit is there all the same, and I hope that he wins the 1942 Gold Cup at Ascot with Sun Castle.

And, in spite of all that is happening on the Russian front, and perhaps one ought to say because of it, I am sure that, whether the Gold Cup is run at the real Ascot or not, it will be run, because by then, or before, we shall have won the second and quite inevitable Battle of Britain. If we could win the first one entirely off our own bat after the Dunkirk disaster, what are the odds on the return match? Even the Berlin bookmakers must know. The horse that gave Captain Boyd-Rochfort the answer he wanted about the Leger was, I understand, Longriggan, who has just run second in the Newbury Cup to a horse with a name that cannot be very popular at this present moment, Germanicus!



Officers of a Battalion of the Royal Fusiliers

Front row: Capts. E. R. King, J. H. Rowsell (Quartermaster), W. H. White, L. F. A. Wortley (Adjutant), Major G. M. Giles, C.B.E., M.C. (Second in Command), the Commanding Officer, Major N. de P. MacRoberts, D.S.O., M.C., Major H. F. R. Miller, Capts. G. F. Huntley, M. E. Ellice-Clark, H. Woods

Centre row: The Rev. Marks, Capt. G. C. Searle, Sec.-Lieuts. D. T. Argent, J. A. L. Dege, E. A. S. Sole, R. A. Cross, R. O. Robinson, E. G. Harrison, Lieuts. T. S. K. Andrew, J. H. Lewis, Lieut. Braham (M.O.), Sec.-Lieuts. Bonham-Carter, H. W. A. Griffiths

Back row: Sec.-Lieut. C. J. Harvey, Lieut. A. S. Borthwick, Sec.-Lieuts. K. W. Gray, R. H. Pinder-Wilson, T. E. Bowling, L. M. Dale, B. A. Amswych, R. L. C. Taylor, H. R. Simpson, B. H. White, D. H. S. Burbidge

Getting Married (Continued)



Lucas — Atkyns

Company Quartermaster-Sergeant D. A. Lucas, Seaforth Highlanders of Canada, and Valerie Atkyns, only child of A. W. Atkyns, of Sapperton, Limpsfield, Surrey, and the late Mrs. Atkyns, were married at St. Peter's, Limpsfield. He is the son of F. B. Lucas, of Kelowna, British Columbia, and the late Mrs. Lucas



Gardner — Beyts

Lieut. Richard Spencer Gardner, R.A., fourth son of Mr. and Mrs. S. P. Lambert Gardner, of Lhwncelyn, St. James, Swansea, and Agnes Margaret Kyrle Beyts, of Pilgrim's Way, Farnham, Surrey, daughter of the late Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Beyts, were married at Farnham Parish Church



Meredith-Owens — Edgar

Pilot-Officer A. Meredith-Owens, R.A.F., second son of Mr. and Mrs. William Meredith-Owens, of Glanarrow, Kington, Herefordshire, and Lavinie Edgar, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Alexander Edgar, of Denny, Stirlingshire, were married at Solihull, Warwickshire



Tull — Crosby

Capt. Anthony Parker Tull, Duke of Wellington's Regiment, son of the late J. A. Tull, and Mrs. Tull, of Inverteign, Bishopsteignton, Devon, and Diana Marguerite Crosby, daughter of the late Lt.-Col. R. Crosby, and Mrs. Fooks, of Sudbrooke House, near Lincoln, were married at Sudbrooke



Anne Dannah

Anne Dannah is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. James Dannah, of Cheveney Manor, Quorn, Lincs. She has announced her engagement to Franz S. Feigl, only son of Pan and the late Pani Gustav Feigl, of Czechoslovakia



Speyer — Clover

Lieut. Antony Francis Cowell Speyer and Florence Whiteford Bell Clover, youngest daughter of Mr. and Mrs. C. M. Clover, of Foxhills, Sandiway, Cheshire, were married at Whitegate Church, Sandiway. He is the only son of Captain and Mrs. Speyer, of Johannesburg, South Africa



Wingate — le Fleming

Flt.-Lieut. Michael Wingate, R.A.F.V.R., elder son of the late Lieut.-Col. B. F. Wingate, and Mrs. Wingate, and Doreen le Fleming, only daughter of the Rev. Basil and Mrs. le Fleming, of the Rectory, Great Thurlow, Suffolk, were married at All Saints', Great Thurlow



Jones — McGaw

Lieut. Peter Jones, Royal Welch Fusiliers, younger son of the late Robert Jones, and Mrs. Jones, of Newton Scethrog, Bulch, Breconshire, and Naomi McGaw, only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. McGaw, of St. Leonard's Forest, Horsham, Sussex, were married at St. John's, Selkirk



Price — Nelson

Edward Michael Price and Margaret Joan Nelson were married at St. Paul's, Stafford. He is the youngest son of Dr. and Mrs. Bernard Price, of Parktown, Johannesburg, South Africa. She is the only daughter of Mr. and Mrs. G. H. Nelson, of the New Hough, Stafford

Don't be Vague

— ASK FOR

Haig



*No finer Whisky
goes into
any bottle*

HAIG in every HOME

Air Eddies

By Oliver Stewart

Glucosity

THE epithet "fearless" has been applied thousands of times during this war as an admiring description of our air fighters. Yet it seems, from a pre-view I have been privileged to have of an article on "The Functions of Fear in Air Fighting," which is to appear in the near future, that to call an air pilot or a member of an aircraft crew fearless is to talk nonsense, or, even worse, to imply that the person concerned is inefficient.

It seems that in air fighting, as in other forms of fighting, fear plays an important part in mobilising the bodily resources or in "mobilising the glucose," as this writer puts it, and so preparing the body for extreme effort and extreme endurance.

The only thing in which the courageous person differs from the craven is in the amount of control he exercises over the additional bodily resources which have been mobilised by fear. It seems that the instinctive response to fear is an alternative: it is either fight or flight. And the courageous person is the one who fights and uses the additional strength and powers of endurance which his body has acquired for aggressive purposes rather than for running away.

Up the Adrenals!

THE physiological processes when an airman is attacked, or thinks he is about to be attacked, are fascinating. The first step is taken by the adrenal glands, which pour a substance into the blood, and this, it appears, mobilises the glucose, and causes the blood to clot more quickly if a wound is made.

The person is therefore ready to make a great physical effort and his body is prepared to defend itself against the effects of wounds. The whole of this exposition of the results of fear seems to me enlightening. It shows that science does not support the view that fearfulness is to be despised.

Whether fighting men can be taught to make the most of the enhanced bodily tone which arises from fear is a moot point. Apparently some say that they can and that it is possible actually to harness fear to the purpose of fighting.

The "Halifax"

MY reference to the naming of one of the Handley Page "Halifax" bombers by Lady Halifax the other day was necessarily brief. The ceremony went off without a hitch, the bottle of champagne swinging down and striking the bar which had been fixed between the barrels of the two front guns with an accuracy which betokened careful preliminary work in the drawing-office.

There are many features of the "Halifax" about which I should like to speak at length, and I shall hope at some future date to be able to devote some space to this heavy bomber. All that I want to do here is to say that the machine is earning good opinions from pilots of the Bomber Command, and that its performance is excellent.

I am glad to see the machine using end-plate fins and rudders. I rather think that the French were the first to adopt these and to demonstrate their advantages. It seems that if you stick your fins and rudders on the ends of the tail-plane, you improve the rendering of the tail-plane and the efficiency of the elevators. For twin tails I certainly like the look of the end-plate arrangement.

"Gongs" for Bombers

A LITTLE time ago I advocated in these columns the award of some distinctive medal to those bomber-crew members who had completed a given number of successful sorties. I was quite astonished at the number of letters of approval which I had, and as a result I intend to pursue this subject, and to try and persuade the authorities to do something about it.

Approval has come not only from members



Athletes in the R.A.F.

Two famous athletes are members of the same R.A.F. squadron. They are the C.O., Sq.-Ldr. A. H. Fabian, and Cpl. J. L. Newman. Sq.-Ldr. Fabian was Soccer international in 1932-34, captained Cambridge at both cricket and Soccer from 1929 to 1931, and played First Division Derby County side. Cpl. Newman, the Olympic high-jumper, was British Champion 1937-39, and also holds the British Indoor Championship. He was in Berlin just before war broke out with a team of athletes, is now a P.T. instructor in the R.A.F.

of the public, but also from people in the Bomber Command, who also feel the justice of my contention.

It is that a bomber crew gives the best possible service to the country when it completes the sorties it is ordered to make successfully, and with a minimum of incident. On every sortie it runs big risks. If it comes through the number laid down, it has performed a notable feat, and it is wrong that those who have done this should have no distinction from those who wear wings—and often other decorations too—but who have never been shot at in their lives.

Every bomber-crew member who gets through his set of sorties successfully should be given a ribbon. Remember that this bomber work is a terrific strain on the human machine, and that it requires the highest qualities of courage and steadfastness. Remember that it is only by means of the bombers that we shall win the war.

I want every member of the public who can to aid me by supporting when they get the opportunity this request that official recognition should be given to members of bomber crews who have completed more than a given number of successful sorties.

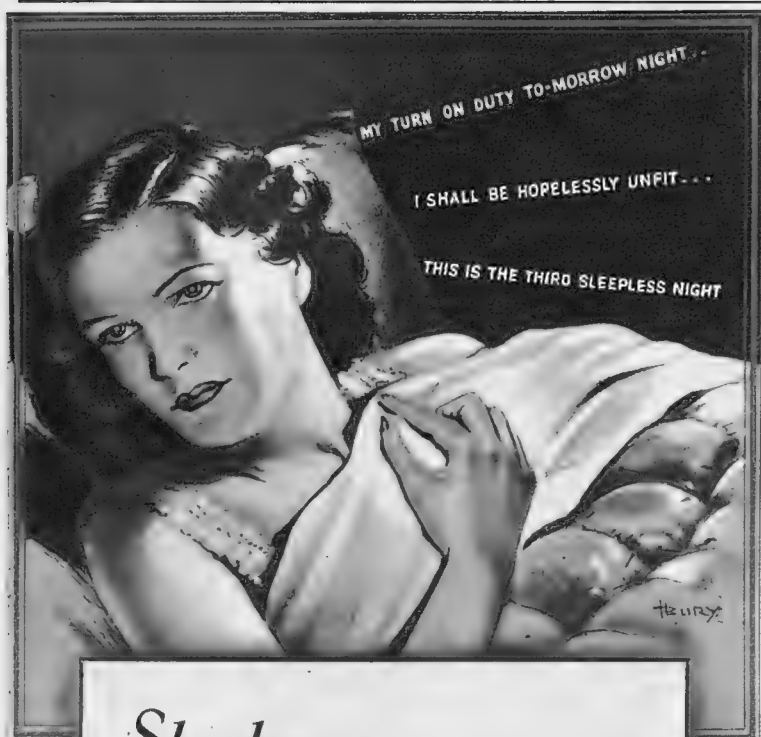
The actual number of sorties could be determined after the principle had been accepted. But the matter should not be long delayed. It is by the very fact that their sorties are successful, and therefore without major incident, that so many of the finest men in the bomber crews fail to obtain decorations.

That is an anomaly that must be put right. We must show that the work of the bomber crews is recognised. We must show that the country appreciates the vital work of endurance and steadfast courage that is done by these men. We must see that the decorations go to those who endure, as well as to those who show intermittent dash and daring.



Officers of a Fighter Station Somewhere in England

Seated: Flt.-Lieut. W. S. Chrystal, S.-O. P. J. Adams, Sq.-Ldr. C. J. Donovan, Wing-Com. J. Heber Percy, Group-Captain J. A. Borel, O.B.E., M.C., A.F.C., Flt.-Lieut. E. C. Owens, Sq.-Ldr. J. Darwen, A.-S.-O. B. Lambert. Standing: Sq.-Ldr. the Rev. J. Li. Stradling, F.-O. E. J. Praill, P.-O. E. Colchester, P.-O. H. Burland, P.-O. P. A. Coates, Sq.-Ldr. J. H. C. Russell, Sq.-Ldr. G. B. Grayling, P.-O. J. D. Withoft, Flt.-Lieut. A. W. Shand, A.-S.-O. J. W. Fowler



Sleeplessness and restless nights may undermine your fitness-for-service, which is so important to the national effort.

On the other hand, nothing can contribute so much to your health, vigour and cheerfulness as restful, nerve-restoring sleep every night. This is the **best** kind of sleep—the sleep which a bedtime cup of ‘Ovaltine’ will enable you to enjoy.

‘Ovaltine’ is prepared from Nature’s best foods and is entirely free from drugs. Its special properties—which help to induce sleep and make it so refreshing and nerve-restoring—are due to the high quality of its constituents and exclusive scientific methods of manufacture. The supreme value of ‘Ovaltine’ as a bedtime beverage has been proved by thousands of people throughout the world.

Let ‘Ovaltine’ help **you** to make the most of your sleeping hours—to build up renewed energy and to maintain 100 per cent. fitness. ‘Ovaltine’ is easily and quickly prepared with milk or milk and water. If milk is not available water can be used, as ‘Ovaltine’ itself contains milk. Moreover, as ‘Ovaltine’ is naturally sweet, there is no need to add sugar.

OVALTINE
for
Nerve-restoring Sleep

P579A

Keep Fit



for Service



..I went all out”

When the great and final moments of this war come and Democracy thunders out the doom of tyrants, will you be able to claim that you, too, did all you could?

We cannot all fight—but we can all get behind the fighting man and hand him up the tools. And one way to see that he gets the tools is to save till it hurts—to spend not a farthing more than you need—and so to leave everything possible for the Nation’s service to help to win the war.

Buy 3% Defence Bonds

An ideal investment for everybody—and particularly for the person who holds the limit of 500 National Savings Certificates.

They are an excellent investment with these main points—They can be bought in units of £5 from any Bank, Trustee Savings Bank, Post Office or Stockbroker, or by instalments by means of 2/6 National Savings Stamps. Interest is paid half-yearly, and Income Tax is not deducted from it at the source. They can be cashed at par at six months’ notice. They are repayable after 10 years with a bonus of 1/- for every £5 invested. Maximum individual holding £1,000.

This space has been placed at the disposal of The National Savings Committee by Messrs. Whitbread & Co. Ltd.

THE HIGHWAY OF FASHION

by M. E. BROOKE

Simple wedding frocks are looked on with favour, especially when they are made of lace. To Marshall and Snelgrove, Oxford Street, must be given the credit of the one below. An important feature is the draping of the bodice to suggest a Swiss belt. Again the long sleeves with epaulette shoulders are becoming. As will be seen, it is innocent of a train: this accessory may be added if desired. Another point to be mentioned is that the prospective bride's own material will be used if wished. The scheme is completed with a becoming head-dress. There are bridesmaids' frocks to harmonise or strike a contrast. Further details and illustrations will be sent on application



Nowhere is a more delightful and representative collection of furs to be seen than at Bradleys, Chepstow Place, W. There are perfectly worked mink capes in the much-to-be-desired true brown shade. Again there are beaver, dyed squirrel, Persian and Indian lamb coats. It is Indian lamb which makes the one above. There is a wondrous light sheen or bloom on it, call it which you will. The hat which completes the scheme, reinforced with a bandean, comes from these salons. Again there are fur-lined coats so admirably tailored that they have a slenderising effect on the figure. By the way, a feature is made of remodelling: estimates are always submitted. This really does save coupons

Peter Robinson

WINTER COATS

Quality, Reliability
our keynote!



Smart belted coat in 100% pure Llama. Available in black, grey, blue, brown and camel. Equally useful for town or country wear.

Hip sizes 34-46 in. **13½ Gns.**

Well fitting, warm and attractive belted coat in colours of rust, blue and brown. An example from our large selection of coats in Curl Fabric material. Hip sizes 34-46 in. **9½ Gns.**

PETER ROBINSON LTD., OXFORD CIRCUS, LONDON, W.1

Telephone: MUSEum 7700

The Beauty of Pure Cashmere

Please send
coupons when
ordering



Winter weight pure cashmere Jumper with becoming round neck and novelty pocket (5 coupons). **39/6**
Matching Coat (5 coupons) **42/-**
Colours: Wine, old rose, natural, clover, nigger, grey, gold, spruce green, Dresden blue, dawn pink. Sizes: S.W., W., W.X. and O.S.

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Women's Golf

Players in the "Daily Sketch"
National Tournament



Flight Officer Beryl Pockett, W.A.A.F., was one of the many players who arrived in uniform



Miss Joan Pemberton is now in the M.T.C. She used to be a leading player in the "Bystander" Girls' Championship — was runner-up in 1938



Section Officer Pam Barton was another W.A.A.F. competitor at Royal Mid-Surrey, where the "Sketch" tournament was held



Mrs. Henry Cotton drove off, while Miss Joan Pemberton, now out of uniform, looked on. Henry Cotton went down to Richmond to see his wife play in the only national golf tournament of the year



Miss Wanda Morgan, recently invalided out of the A.T.S., won the tournament with a scratch score of 78, so becomes unofficial 1941 champion. With her is Mrs. S. V. Hicks, A.F.S. driver



Mrs. V. Barlow and Miss D. Thurlow played their round together. The tournament, which Miss Helme writes about on page 36, was in aid of the "Daily Sketch" War Relief Fund



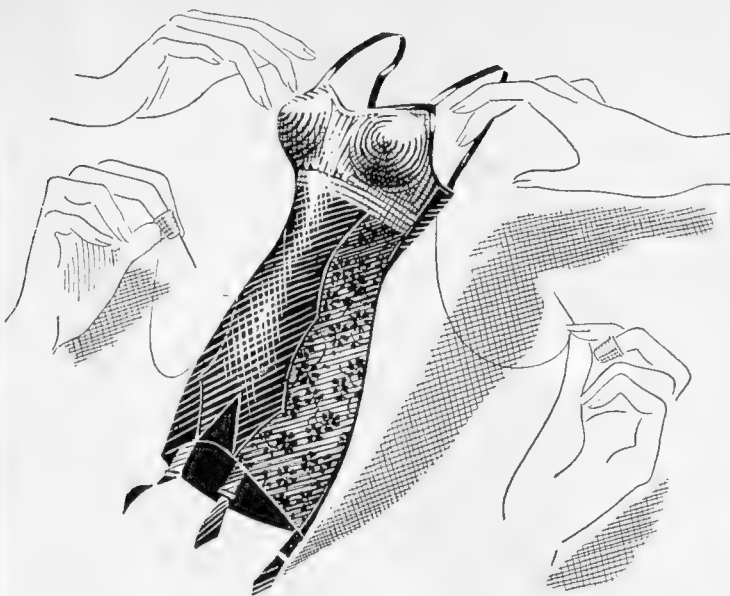
Mr. S. E. M. Lawrence, who presented the prizes, here hands the Silver Division handicap trophy to Miss Frances Stephens, aged seventeen, who came from Bootle, Lancs, to compete. She is the daughter of the pro. at Bootle. Her score was 80—15=65



Mrs. Hillman Gray checks her card with Mrs. Noble Mathews who won the handicap prize in the Bronze Division



Miss Maureen Ruttle, last year's winner, tied for second place (with Miss Garnham) with 79. Miss Jacqueline Gordon went round in 80



A stitch in time . . . by our Wartime Service may save you the cost (and coupons) of a new Roussel Belt . . . Re-fashioned and refreshed by expert hands, your present Roussel can be made to look—and fit—almost as if it were new. But it's not an overnight miracle; please give us all the time you can. Full details at any Roussel shop.

J. Roussel
LTD.

J. Roussel Ltd., 177 Regent Street, London, W.1 Regent 6571. Branches throughout Gt. Britain.

"It's a D & N Product"



D. & N. Products still provide service, style, craft leadership and quality. There are over 1,000 high-class stockists of D. & N. unshrinkable knitting yarns, embroideries, mendings and instructions leaflets. Their names may be had, with samples, colour fringes, from the address below

DUNBAR & NAIRN

Textile Manufacturers and Distributors:

Head Office: 135, Buchanan Street, GLASGOW, C.1

Margaret Marks
Announce

their Autumn collection of
Coats, Suits, Knitwear and
Millinery. Good quality
clothing at reasonable prices
to enable you to make the
most of your coupons and
your dress budget.



Persian Lamb is used in an original way on this smart Black Woollen Coat. It is well cut and the high neck fastening gives a nice cosy finish. Sizes S.S.W., S.W. and W. **13½ Gns.**

Telephone: SLOane 5171

Margaret Marks Ltd
KNIGHTSBRIDGE
S.W.1

Bubble and Squeak

Stories From Everywhere

Two little toddlers were unable to resist the temptation to explore the newly-built air raid shelter. Just as they disappeared inside a policeman came along.

"Who's inside there?" he asked sternly.

For a few moments there was a tense silence. Then, when he repeated the question, there came a reply in a shrill, nervous little voice:

"Hardly anybody, mister."

THE house had been wrecked by a bomb, and the morning after the street was crowded with the usual sightseers, who gaped, and gossiped and got in the way of those who were doing useful work there.

At last one woman pushed her way right into the demolition squad.

"Can you tell me if any one was killed here?" she asked with morbid interest.

"Not yet, madam," said the long-suffering foreman, meaningly.

AN enthusiastic supporter of the "Dig for Victory" campaign was inclined to exaggerate.

"So I rigged up a scarecrow," he said, after telling his audience how the birds had been taking his seeds.

"Was it a success?" murmured one hearer sleepily.

"A success?" he exclaimed. "Those birds were so scared that they not only stopped stealing the seed but some of them actually brought back what they'd stolen!"

HE was handsome but hard up, so nobody was surprised when he wooed an heiress—and won her.

At breakfast, on the first day of the honeymoon, the bride remarked:

"Does the fact that I have so much money make any difference to you, dearest?"

"Of course it does, darling," he replied.

"What do you mean?" she asked in hurt surprise.

"It's such a comfort to know that if I die, you will be provided for."

"But I may die first."

"Then, darling," he said, with a smile, "I'd be provided for."

A LAWYER in court occupied a long time with a speech, which was exceedingly dull. Someone who had left the courtroom and returned again found the harangue still going on. Turning to his neighbour he said: "Isn't he taking up a great deal of time?"

"Time," said the one addressed. "He has long ago exhausted time and encroached upon eternity."

AN Aberdonian and an Edinburgh man were paired together in a golf match. The Edinburgh man remarked with satisfaction that it was a curious fact that while lots of stories were told against Aberdeen none were told against Edinburgh.

"Bo," said the Aberdonian, "it's bad enough living there, without making a joke about it."

THE convict was making a daring escape. It was three o'clock in the morning when he climbed the top of the wall that stood between himself and freedom.

Suddenly, the prison sirens began to wail. Guards ran about, shouting to one another. Autos began to roll out of the prison grounds. Bullets bounced against the wall. And the prisoners in their cells, awakened by the commotion, added their voices to the din.

The convict dropped to the ground, unhurt. He dashed to the highway, just as a car came along. The prisoner hailed the driver, who promptly stopped his car.

"Say, bud," cried the convict breathlessly, "I've just been let out of prison after serving a ten-year stretch. How about giving me a lift to the next town?"

The driver listened to the wail of the sirens, the shouting of the guards, the hoarse cries of the imprisoned men.

"You've escaped from this prison," was his accusation.

The prisoner shook his head.

"Absolutely not," he lied. "I tell you my time was up—so they let me out."

The citizen was still doubtful.

"Yeah?" he grunted. "Then why are those sirens screaming at three in the morning? Why are the guards shouting? Why are the prisoners making all that racket?"

The convict shrugged.

"Everybody likes me a lot here," he explained. "So when I left just now, they all got up to wish me 'Bon voyage!'"

THE soap-box orator was haranguing the crowd on the dangers of evil.

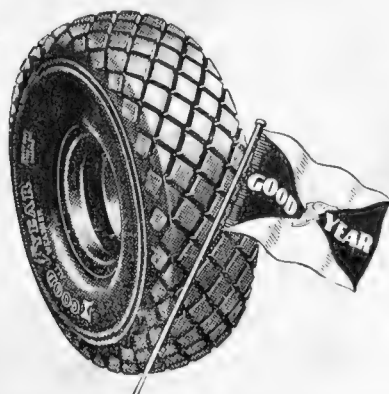
"The devil is chained to the wall," he declared, "but he can step forward and get you; he can step to the right or left and get you, if you do any misdeed."

Then a voice from the crowd broke in: "The darned thing might as well be loose."

The tougher the leather the
fewer shoes you wear out
The longer the mileage the
fewer tyres you need
That's how

*Goodyear
Higher
Mileage*

helps you and helps the cause



Supplies are short so you
should order from your
regular dealer in advance
of your requirements.

THERE IS A GOODYEAR TYRE FOR EVERY MAKE OF MOTOR VEHICLE



Champion Sparking Plugs, ensuring utmost engine-efficiency and economy by their unique gas-tight construction,★ are doing a work often unseen, more often out of mind, which counts invaluable towards dependable transportation.

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUGS

★ The SILLMENT Seal, exclusive to Champion, prevents gas-leakage.

CHAMPION SPARKING PLUG COMPANY LIMITED



Lined for warmth

MAN TAILORED . . .

This smart Coat in woollen bouclette with padded lining to the waist is an ideal investment for winter coupons. In navy, black or nigger. Three sizes. EXCEPTIONAL VALUE AT **12½ Gns.**

Also in a basket weave tweed in brown, blue or grey mixtures at the same price.

Debenham & Freebody

LANgham 4444 WIGMORE STREET, LONDON, W.1 (Debenhams Ltd.)

Too much?

AND TOO LITTLE



Even in the days of plenty we never really liked to hear of anyone smoking more than 20 Four Square cigarettes a day. They were, and are, made especially for people who smoke for pleasure rather than from habit. Now, when it's sometimes difficult to get even ten Four Square cigarettes a day, we sympathise. Because too little of a good thing is about as bad as too much of a bad one.

FOUR SQUARE

20 for 1/6

for those who really ENJOY a cigarette

WARDONIA

BLADES

FOR BETTER SHAVES

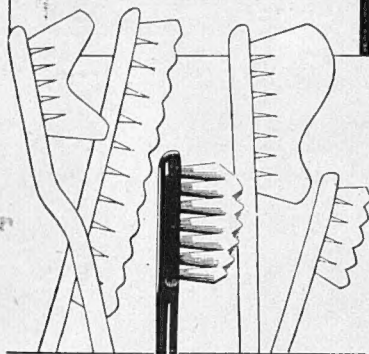
SMALL PACKET 1/-
LARGE PACKET 2/6

FIT ALL 3-PEG RAZORS

PLUS PURCHASE TAX

ASK FOR THEM AT N.A.A.F.I. CANTEENS

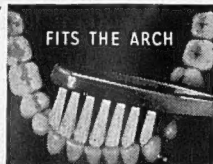
WHAT SHAPE IS A TOOTHBRUSH?



YOU'D think it ought to be the best shape for cleaning teeth, and if you pick the right toothbrush it is. Almost any set of bristles on a handle will clean the open surfaces of your 'show' teeth. The makers of TEK set out to find a brush that would reach the crevices where the sources of decay can hide, and the spots which even your dentist can only see with a mirror. They thought hard, and worked hard. They called in dentists to advise them. When the TEK toothbrush was ready, dentists were asked for their opinion on it. 92 out of every 100 said it was the most efficient toothbrush that had ever been made.

Because of wartime difficulties, fewer TEKs can be made than formerly. We very much regret the inconvenience to retailers and their customers. Even if you should be disappointed occasionally, remember to ask for TEK as supplies may have arrived in the meantime.

Designed
by Dentists
MADE IN
ENGLAND



Tek 2/-

Plus
Purchase Tax

Made and guaranteed by
JOHNSON & JOHNSON (Gt. Britain) Ltd.
Slough and Gargrave

T2



HATS BY

Battersby

LONDON

OV-31

Women's Golf

By Eleanor E. Helme

IF you want a really odd wartime experience, go to a big golf meeting—if you can find one. If it chanced to be organised by the *Daily Sketch* you are quite sure to enjoy yourself, to see others doing the same, and to accumulate an amount of friendly gossip that would fill a book.

And you will see good golf. But all the time you will be wondering whether you are awake, whether this pleasant day, or the golf that we used to play so uninterruptedly, or the war itself, is a dream.

To a journalist I can commend no better busman's holiday. To sit in a luxurious armchair and watch Miss Betty Debenham and Major Collis Browne getting things ready for the prize-giving, with the comfortable knowledge that it was their business, not yours, and that no stenographer was waiting for a report which could not be written, much less telephoned, till prize-giving was over—all this produced an atmosphere of lazy contentment. Let it, however, be recorded that the shots were extremely well hit and remarkably few in number, all things considered, and that where anybody did miss one, a shout of laughter was the only reaction. Golf, in short had fallen into its right place as a recreation.

MISS WANDA MORGAN carried off scratch honours with 78, a card by no means to be despised round the men's course, even if we were on front tees. There was rather a shattering moment at the 2nd when a prolonged session in a bunker made the hole cost her 7, but she was out in 39 and home in the same, ending with a rare good putt. Miss Morgan was invalided out of the A.T.S. this summer, the close indoor work as a telephonist being her undoing, but she is fit again now, and expecting any moment to be in the W.R.N.S. as a driver.

Miss Kathleen Garnham, driver of a mobile canteen, who was hitting the ball most exultantly, made a gallant attempt to tie, but her three-yarder at the 18th hit the hole only to jump out again, and at 79 the tie for second place went not to her but to Miss Maureen Ruttle, last year's winner, whose only slips were a putt or two astray.

HARD on all these distinguished heels came an 80 of wonderful promise from the sixteen-year-old Frances Stephens, from Bootle, who, with a 15 handicap, carried off Silver Division first place, sixty-five net being quite unbeatable, though Mrs. C. P. Armstrong had not much to complain of in her card for second place.

Mrs. Noble Mathews won the Bronze Division, and Mrs. Byrne the putting with an amazing 31 for 18 holes. Probably it takes someone used to the beauties of Royal Mid-Surrey's rosebeds and nasturtiums to keep the eye on the ball instead of being distracted by such a lovely riot of colour in the near neighbourhood.

Miss Pam Barton, W.A.A.F. officer, was impressive as ever, but the putts would not drop; Miss Jacqueline Gordon, F.A.N.Y., A.T.S., spoilt a really good round with a poor finish; Miss Joan Pemberton, M.T.C., was not at her steadiest, nor Miss Beryl Pockett, W.A.A.F. officer, nor Miss Mary Lake, Civil Defence nurse, nor did Mrs. S. V. Hicks, A.F.S. driver, keep up a good start. But nobody cared two hoots; they had a few hours leave, they had met dozens of old friends, and heard news of dozens of others.

TALK—how we did talk. Yes, of course, Frances Stephens had played in two girls' championships before the war, and even then had a lovely swing; what news of Mervyn? Oh, Mrs. Barton has a lovely photo of her with her ten-month-old Hugo (do get her to show it you); Dodo Butler, she's been in the aircraft factory at — ever since war started, only waiting for a passage to go to India to be married; Betty Dix, yes, she's got her commission in the W.A.A.F., and is in the north of Scotland—and so forth and so on. Very attractive they looked, many of those golfers, when tea time came and they were back in uniform; very young they looked when other people told you, or you guessed from what they themselves didn't say, of the responsibilities that were theirs. And it did one's heart good to hear them say: "I didn't know how happy I'd be; a day's golf like this is grand fun, but I'll never want to go back to doing nothing but golf again."

The Golf Coupon from any one issue of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER during the current month must accompany any entry for THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER Monthly Spoon Competition. The Hon. Secretary of the Club must sign the card and certify the scratch score of the course. Cards to be addressed to the Golf Editor of THE TATLER AND BYSTANDER, Commonwealth House, 1 New Oxford Street, London, W.C.1, to reach her not later than the first day of the following month.

PLEASE WRITE CLEARLY.

THE "TATLER AND BYSTANDER" GOLF COUPON. OCTOBER

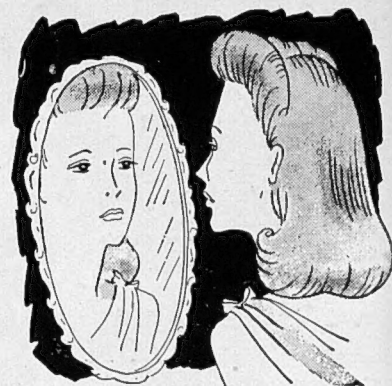
Name *Mrs.*
Miss

Address



Scottish Golfers' Wedding

George W. Mackie, holder of the Gleneagles Silver Tassie, and Elsie O. Hodge, a former Stirling County Lady Champion, were recently married at Logie, near Stirling. She is the daughter of Mr. and Mrs. Simon P. Hodge, of Ravelston Gardens, Edinburgh.



MIRROR, MIRROR, TELL ME TRUE...

Heigho, old sour-puss! Come out from behind that cloud! . . . Come from behind a cloud! That's just what I'd like to do (says the face in the mirror)—a cloud of that thick heavy clogging powder you've been using lately . . . Change to POUFRE SIMON or LA NOUVELLE POUFRE SIMON! They won't clog the pores! They're exquisitely pure and fine. They'll give you a complexion as smooth as alabaster—as soft as velvet.

POUDRE SIMON 1/9 plus tax.
LA NOUVELLE POUFRE SIMON
1/3 plus tax, also 6d. boxes.

CRÈME SIMON

YOUR MIRROR WILL TELL YOU—
Crème Simon care makes all the difference



as pretty
as a
picture

. . . and who wouldn't be in this Heatonex Coat and Hat Set—another example of Heatonex brilliance in styling. Ask for it at your favourite Children's Outfitters or Stores.

heatonex
GARMENTS FOR YOUNG DAUGHTERS

by Heatons Leeds Ltd

WAR TIME ECONOMY

The most effective form of economy is to **KEEP FIT**
Nothing compares with **RIDING** to ensure Health and Fitness
All Riding Requisites—good value and low charges.

To Measure
Jodhpurs 34'-to 75'-
Breeches 30'-to 65'-
Jackets 63'-to 126'-

Ready to Wear
Jodhpurs 45'-& 55'-
Breeches 40'-& 50'-
Jackets 55'-to 87'6

Children's Riding Outfits—a speciality

Goods sent on approval against suitable references



Address for Post Orders & patterns ONLY
Bedford Riding Breeches & Co.
Cromwell Hse. (Dept. 30),
Sutton Road, Watford, Hertfordshire
19 NEW QUEBEC STREET MARBLE ARCH - LONDON
Two minutes from the Marble Arch

TITLED LADIES' GOWNS

COATS, COSTUMES, etc., created by MOLYNEUX, HARTNELL, CHANEL, WORTH, PAQUIN, SCHIA-PARELLI, etc., new or worn once only, also direct from all eminent houses. Our prices 2-12 gns. approx. (4 pre-war prices).

REGENT DRESS CO.

1st Floor, Piccadilly Mansions, 17 Shaftesbury Avenue, Piccadilly Circus, W.1.
(Next door to Cafe Monica).
Gerrard 7326 Gentlemen's Dept., 2nd Floor.

JACQMAR'S

Propaganda Prints for Scarves

"LONDON WALL"
"CARELESS TALK"
"FREE FRANCE"
"HAPPY LANDINGS"

JACQMAR, 16 GROSVENOR ST., W.1

TAO BEAUTY SALON specialises in advanced Electrolysis, 75 hairs permanently and painlessly destroyed for 10/6, a twenty-minute sitting. No scarring. Moles and warts completely removed. Permanent eyelash dyeing, 10/6, obviates mascara, is safe and harmless. A quick refresher massage and make-up, 7/6, a full hour's treatment, 12/6. Appointments may now be booked for Saturday afternoon. Phone Ken. 9255.—175 Knightsbridge, S.W.7.

STOP THAT COLD WITH VAPEX



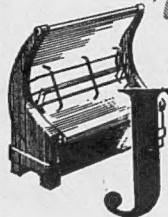
From your Chemist 2/3 & 3/4 including Purchase Tax
THOMAS KERFOOT & CO. LTD.

THE NATION CANNOT AFFORD COLDS

You'll get more warmth from your

FERRANTI Radiant Electric FIRE

by keeping the reflector bright



JUST as a clean window gives most light the polished surface of the reflector of your Ferranti Fire needs to be kept bright in order to direct the heat rays across the room and so provide maximum comfort. A tarnished reflector permits the heat to rise to the ceiling, where it tends to create a stuffy atmosphere.

Free Booklet

The above is merely one small point covered in a Free Booklet devised to help users of Ferranti Fires during the war scarcity. It also tells you how to keep your Ferranti Fire 100% efficient... how to use it most economically all the year round... how to replace spare parts, etc. Write for your copy today.

FIRST • FOREMOST • HOTTEST

FERRANTI LTD., Moston, MANCHESTER 10
London Showrooms: Bush House, Aldwych, W.C.2

FF277

VICTORIA HOTEL

A.A. R.A.C. FULLY LICENSED
Equipped with every up-to-date convenience. Spacious Public Rooms, self-contained suites, also many Bedrooms with Private Bathroom and Toilet. Vita Glass Sun Lounge, Cocktail Bar

FACING DUE SOUTH AND THE SEA

THE VICTORIA IS CATERING FOR PRESENT-DAY NEEDS
The amenities and Mild Climate of Sidmouth are well known.
FOR BOOKINGS and FULL INFORMATION, WRITE RESIDENT MANAGER
Telegrams: "Victoria, Sidmouth."

Telephone: Sidmouth 811 (2 lines)
SIDMOUTH, S. DEVON

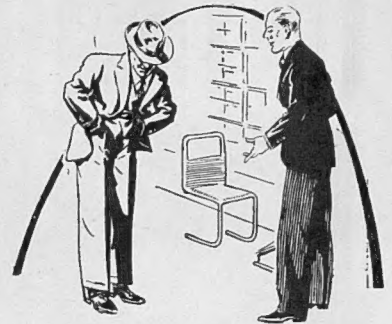
WANTED FURS & FUR COATS

Highest Prices Paid
SEND TO-DAY

We refund carriage and make offer per return
CHILD, 32 Hill Street, Birmingham
Est. 45 years Bankers: Lloyds

CHUBB SAFES

THE THERE IS NO SAFER PLACE TH



They'll be as smart as that till the day you discard them

Wearra Shoes fit the feet; no "breaking-in," with consequent loss of shape and smartness. You have perfect foot comfort from the moment you are fitted.

Made in **sizes and half-sizes**, each in **slim, medium and broad**. Wearra Shoes supply a correct fit in both length and width.

Three smart (American-style) models in choicest black or brown leathers.

Wearra MULTIPLE FITTING SHOES FOR MEN



H. L. S. says:

Send a postcard for my little book, "Footwear since the World began"; also name of local Wearra stockists, to the makers.

JOHN SHORTLAND LTD.
(Dept. T) Irthlingborough
NORTHAMPTONSHIRE.

"I never thought a Weather Coat could look so attractive."



WET.. WETHER.. WETHERDAIR

A Classic Weather Coat for Ladies and Gentlemen

WETHERDAIR LTD. BRADFORD & LONDON

UNIFORMS *par Excellence!*



HORNE
BROTHERS · LIMITED

Excellence of style, quality of material — of workmanship; competent and personal service by Certificated Master Military Tailors . . . these are some of the characteristics that have made Horne Bros. the obvious choice for outfitting for all three services.

To obtain your kit within the allowance—write for Price List, and address of our nearest branch.

415-417, OXFORD ST., LONDON, W.1. (Opposite Selfridges)
Branches throughout London and Provinces

Sister Service

Right and easy, 'Viyella' and 'Clydella' Service Shirts know how to keep their trim tailored looks through a long lifetime of hard wear and frequent washing.



'Viyella'
AND
'Clydella'
SERVICE SHIRTS

W.R.N.S. Service Shirt, white 'Viyella', double cuffs, without collars, up to and incl. 14½" neck, 17/10d, 'Viyella' Black Ties, 3/-. Similarly in white 'Clydella', 15/10d. Larger sizes extra. Stocked by high-class stores all over the country.

WM. HOLLINS & COMPANY LTD. VIYELLA HOUSE, NOTTINGHAM



Coupons for clothes . . . and stockings too! But thank goodness, even in war-time you can manage to have a healthy, well fed skin. I know there's a shortage of cosmetics, but a little Pomeroy Skin Food, Pomeroy Day Cream and other Pomeroy Beauty Products are still obtainable. Pomeroy goes a long way towards keeping a beautiful pre-war skin.

Advice and treatment still available at Jeannette Pomeroy Salon, 27, Old Bond Street, W.1.

JEANNETTE

Pomeroy

BEAUTY PRODUCTS

The Secret of the Pomeroy Skin

GRENFELL CLOTH REGD

RAINCOATS
GOLF JACKETS
SPORTSWEAR

EXTENSIVELY USED
BY H.M. FORCES

Enquiries:

**HAYTHORNTHWAITE
& SONS LTD.**

Lodge Mill, Burnley,
Lancs.

